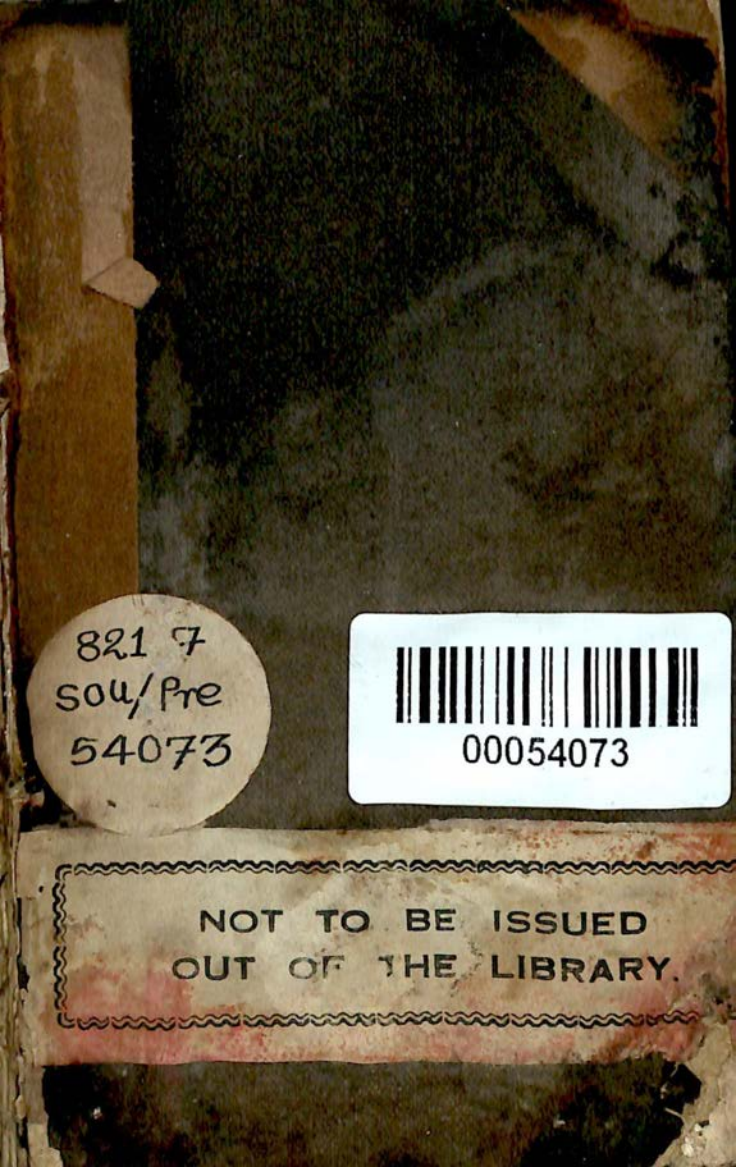
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SOUTHEY'S

POETICAL WORKS.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.

POET LAUREATE,

AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY.

VOL. XV.

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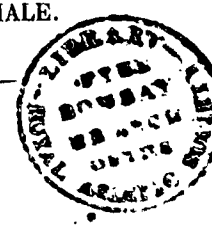
TALE OF PARAGUAY.
CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.
CARMINA AULICA.



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PREFACE.

One of my friends observed to me in a letter, that many stories which are said to be *founded* on fact, have in reality been *foundered* on it. This is the case if there be any gross violation committed, or ignorance betrayed, of historical manners in the prominent parts of a narrative wherein the writer affects to observe them: or when the ground-work is taken from some part of history so popular and well known that any mixture of fiction disturbs the sense of truth. Still more so, if the subject be in itself so momentous that any allay of invention must of necessity debase it: but most of all in themes drawn from scripture, whether from the more familiar, or the more awful portions; for when what is true is sacred, whatever may be added to it is so surely felt to be false, that it appears profane.

Founded on fact the Poem is, which is here committed to the world: but whatever may be its defects, it is liable to none of these objections. The story is so singular, so simple, and withal so complete, that it must have been injured by any alteration. How faithfully it has been followed, the reader may perceive if he chooses to consult the abridged translation of Dobrizhoffer's History of the Abipones; and for those who may be gratified with what Pinkerton has well called the lively singularity of the old man's Latin, the passage from the original is here subjoined.

" Ad Australes fluvii Empalado ripas Hispanorum turma Herbæ Paraquaricæ conficiendæ operam dabat. Deficientibus jam arboribus, è quibus illa folia rescinduntur, exploratores tres emiserant, qui trans illud flumen arbores desideratas investigarent. Forte in tugurium, agrumque frumento Turcico consitum incidere, ex quo hanc sylvam barbarorum contuberniis scatere perperam arguebant. Hæc notitia tanto omnes perculit metu, ut suspenso, ad quem conducti fuerant, labore suis aliquamdiu in tuguriis laterent, ut limax intra concham. Diu noctuque hostilis aggressio formidabatur. Ad liberandos se hoc terrore cursor ad S. Joachimi oppidum missus, qui, ut barbaros istic habitantes perquiramus, inventosque ad nostram transferamus coloniam flagitavit. Sine tergiversatione operam addixi meam. Licet trium hebdomadum itinere defunctus Nato servatori sacra die ex Mbaebera domum redierim, S. Joannis apostoli festo iter mox aggressus sum cum quadraginta Indorum meorum comitatu. Fluviis ob continuatum dies complures imbrem turgentibus profectio perardua nobis exstitit. Accepto ex Hispanorum tugurio via-

rum duce, trajectoque flumine Empalado sylvas omnes ad fluvii Mondag miri ripas usque attentis oculis pervagati, tertio demum die, humano, quod deteximus, vestigio nos ducente ædiculam attigimus, ubi mater vetula, cum filio vicesimum, filiaque quintum decimum annum agente annis abhinc multis degebat. Quibus in latebris Indi alii versarentur, à me rogata mater, neminem mortalium præter se, binasque proles, his in sylvis superesse, omnes, qui per hanc viciniam habitaverant, variolarum dira peste dudum extinctos fuisse, respondit. De dicti veritate ancipitem me dum observaret filius: tutò, ait, fidem adhibueris matri meæ ista affirmanti: namque ipsus ego uxorem mihi quæsiturus remotissimas etiam sylvas identidem percursavi, quin tamen vel hominis umbram reperirem uspiam. En! naturæ instinctu adolescens barbarus, conjugium cum sorore sibi neutiquam licere, intellexit. Is multis post mensibus meo in oppido, nullos præter se homines illis in sylvis degere, iterum, iterumque ingenue mihi asseveravit. Idem confirmarunt Hispani, à quibus evocatus sum, ultra biennium in con-

quirenda herba dein per illas sylvas occupati, non mediocri cum quæstu.

" Vetulam matrem congruis argumentis hortatus sum ad meum ut oppidum, siquidem luberet, commigraret ocyus, se, suosque meliori fortuna illic usuros, pollicitus. Lubenter invitationi meæ obtemperaturam se, respondit; rem unicam migrationi suæ obstare. Sunt mihi, ait, tres, quos coram vides, apri à prima ætate mansuefacti; nos quoquo eunles caniculi more sequuntur. Hi, si campum aridum videant, vel extra sylvarum umbram à sole ardenti videantur, peribunt confestim, timeo. Hanc solicitudinem, quæso, animo ejicias tuo, reposui; cordi mihi fore chara animalcula, nil dubites. Sole æstuante umbram, ubi ubi demum, captabimus. Neque lacunæ, amnes, paludes, ubi refrigerentur tua hæc corcula, usquam deerunt. Talibus delinita promissis se nobiscum ituram, spopondit. Et vero postridie iter ingressi, calendis Januarii incolumes oppidum attigimus, licet per viam binæ fulminibus, imbribusque horrendis fœtæ tempestates nobis incubuerint, ac tigris rugitu assiduo totam per noctem minitans nobis iterum, iterumque propinquârit.

Hispanos, queis matrem duabus cum prolibus per transennam exhibui, nihilque omnino Indorum sylvestrium in tota late vicinia superesse, significavi, timoris sui et puduit, et pœnituit. Autumaverant equidem sylvas Empalado, et Mondag fluminibus interjectas barbarorum habitationibus, perinde ut formicis, undique scatere. Jam de forma, habitudine, vivendi ratione, quam in matre, ejusque prolibus observaveram, dicendum obiter aliquid. Ab ineunte ætate in Mondag litoribus, culicum, serpentum, aliorumque animalculorum noxiorum frequentia oppido infectis consedere. Palmarum ramis tuguriolum definiebatur. Aqua semper lutulenta potum; arborum fructus, alces, damulæ, cuniculi, aves variæ, frumentum turcicum, radices arboris mandio dapem; tela ex foliis caraquatà contexta vestitum, lectumque præbuere. Mel, quod exesis in arboribus passim prostat, inter cupedias numerabatur. Tabacæ, quam *peti* vocant Quaranii, fumum ex arundine, cui ligneum vasculum cacabi instar præfixum, diu noctuque hauserat vetula; filius tabacæ folia in pulverem redacta ore mandere nunquam desiit. Concha ad lapidem exacuta pro cultro

utebantur, interdum arundine fissa. Adolescens matris, sororisque nutricius bina ferri frustilla, cultri olim confracti reliquias, pollicem lata, et pollice nil longiora, ligno, ceu manubrio inserta, cera, filoque circumligata cingulo gestabat suo. Hoc instrumento sagittas scitissime elaborare, decipulas è ligno ad capiendas alces facere, arbores, ubi mellis indicium viderat, perfodere, aliaque id genus præstare solebat. Cum argilla, è qua ollæ conficiuntur, nusquam esset, carnibus assis, non coctis vescebantur per omnem vitam. Herbæ Paraquaricæ folia non nisi frigida perfudere, cum vas, quo aquam recepto more calefacerent, non haberent. Ignem per affrictum celerem duorum lignellorum nôrunt promptissime elicere, omnium Americanorum more, quod alio loco exponam uberius. Ad restinguendam sitim aqua palustri, semperque, ni ab Austro frigido refrigeretur tantisper, tepida utebantur, cui adferendæ, asservandæque ingentes cucurbitæ pro cantharis serviunt. Ut, quam curta illis domi fuerit suppellex, porro videas, de eorum vestitu facienda est mentio.

" Juveni lacerna è caraquatà filis concinnata è scapulis ad genua utrinque defluebat; ventre

funiculis præcincto, è quibus cucurbitam tabacæ pulveribus, quos mandit, plenam suspendit. Rete crassioribus è filis matri lectus noctu, interdiu vestis fuit unica.

" Puellæ pariter breve reticulum, in quo noctibus cubabat, per diem vestitus instar fuerat. Cum nimis diaphana mihi videretur, ut verecundiæ consultum irem in Indorum, Hispanorumque præsentia, linteum gossipinum, quo lotas manus tergimus, illius nuditati tegendæ destinavi. Puella linteum, quod illi Indi mei porrexerant, iterum, iterumque complicatum papyri instar, capiti imposuit suo, ceu clypeum contra solis æstus; verum admonita ab Indis illo se involvit. Juveni quoque, ne verecundos offenderet oculos, perizomata linea, quibus in itineribus contra culicum morsus caput obvolveram meum, invito obtrusi. Prius celsissimas arbores simii velocitate scandebat, ut fructus ab apris tribus devorandos, inde decerperet. Caligis, veluti compedibus impeditus vix gressum figere potuit. Tanta rerum penuria, frugalitate tanta cum in solitudine victitarent semper, ac anachoretarum veterum rigores, asperitatesque experirentur, sorte sua contentissimos, tranquillo

animo, corporeque morborum nescios illos suspexi. Ex quo palam fit, naturam paucis contentam esse; erubescant illi, quibus saturandis, ornandisque totus orbis vix sufficit. Ex ultimis terræ finibus, ex oceani, sylvarum, camporum, montium, tellurisque gremio, ex elementis omnibus, et unde non? avide petuntur subsidia, quæ ad comendum corpus, ad oblectandum palatum faciunt. Verum dum oblectare se, ornareque putant, se onerant, opprimuntque. Dum delicias multiplicant suas, opes, viresque imminuunt quotidie, formæ venustatem labefactant, morbos adsciscunt sibi, mortemque accelerant eo infeliciores, quo fuerint delicatiores.

"Tres mei sylvicolæ, de quibus sermo, rituum Quaraniis barbaris propriorum vel immemores, vel contemptores fuerunt. Crinibus passis sine ulla incisione, vel ligamine incedebant. Juveni nec labium pertusum, nec vertex psittacorum plumis coronatus. Matri, filiæque inaures nullæ, quamvis illa collo circumdederit monilis loco funiculum, è quo frustilla ligni pyramidati, sat multi ponderis pendebant; è mutuo illorum collisu ad quemvis gressum strepitus edebatur. Primo conspectu interrogavi vetulam: num

ad terrendos culices strepitans hoc monile è collo suspenderit? moxque globulorum vitreorum exquisiti coloris fascem ligneis his ponderibus substitui. Mater, filiusque corpore erant procero, forma honesta; filia vultu tam candido, tamque eleganti, ut à Poetis Driadas inter Nymphas, Hamadriadasque numerari, ab Europæo quovis pulchra dici tutò posset. Hilaritatem decoram affabilitati conjunctam præ se ferebat. Nostro adventu repentino minime terreri, recreari potius videbatur. Quaranica lingua loquentes nos liberales inter cachinnos risit, nos illam eâdem respondentem. Cum enim extra aliorum Indorum societatem fratri, matrique duntaxat colloqueretur, verbis Quaranicis retentis quidem, ridicula quædam dialectus irrepsit. Sic *quaraçi* sol: *yaçi* luna: *cheraçi* ægroto dicimus reliqui, et illud c cum subjecta notula veluti s pronunciamus, *quarassi*, *yassi*, *cherassi*; illi *quaratschi*, *yatschi*, *cheratschi* dicebant. Juvenis præter matrem, sororemque nullam unquam vidit fœminam; neque præter patrem suum virum aliquem. Puella matrem duntaxat novit, nullam præterea fœminam. Virum præter fratrem suum ne eminus quidem conspexit, dum

enim uteró à matre gestabatur, pater ejus à tigride fuerat discerptus. Ad fructus seu humi, seu in arboribus natos conquirendos, ad ligna, foco necessaria, colligenda sylvam dumetis, arundinibus, spinisque horrentem solers puella peragravit quotidie, quibus pedes misere pertusos habebat. Ne inconitata esset, psittacum exilem humero, simiolum brachio insidentem circumtulit plerumque, nullo tigridum metu, queis omnis illa vicinia abundat, vel me ipso teste oculato. Pridie ejus diei, quo in istorum contubernium incurrimus, parum abfuit, quin dormiens à propinqua jam tigride devorarer. Indi mei ejus rugitu expergefacti et hastis et admotis celeriter ignibus vitam servarunt meam. His in nemoribus, cum minor sit ferarum copia, tigrides fame stimulante ferociunt atrocius, avidiusque in obvios assiliunt homines, quam in campis, ubi, cùm infinita vis pecorum omnis generis oberret, præda, famisque remedium, quoties lubet, illis in promptu est. Novi proselyti in oppido mox vestiti reliquorum more, et præ reliquis quotidiano cibo liberaliter refecti sunt. Curatum quoque à me diligenter, ad sylvas vicinas cum aliis ut excurrant frequentius,

umbra, amœnaque arborum, queis assueverant, viriditate fruituri. Experientia equidem novimus, ut pisces extra aquam cito intereunt, sic barbaros è sylvis ad oppida translatos sæpe contabescere, victus, aerisque mutatione, ac solis potissimum æstu corporum habitudinem perturbante, quippe quæ à pueritia humidis, frigidiusculis, opacisque nemoribus assueverunt. Idem fuit matris, filii, filiæque nostro in oppido fatum. Paucis ab adventu suo hebdomadibus gravedine, rheumateque totum corpus pervadente tentabantur omnes. His oculorum, auriumque dolor, ac haud multo post surditas successit. Mœrore animi, cibique omnis fastidium vires absumpsit adeo, ut extrema demum macies, tabesque nullis remediis proficientibus consequeretur. Aliquot mensibus languescens mater senicula, Christianæ disciplinæ rudimentis rite imbuta, sacroque tincta latice prima occubuit, animo tam sereno, Divinisque voluntatibus acquiescente, ut illam ad superos transisse nil dubitaverim. Puella, quæ plena vigoris, venustatisque oppidum ingrediebatur, viribus exhausta, sui omnino jam dissimilis, floris instar paulatim marcescens vix ossibus hæsit, ac denique

matrem ad tumulum secuta est, et nisi vehementissime fallor, ad Cœlum. Quid si cum regum sapientissimo dicamus: illam post sacrum, quo expiata est, baptisma consummatum in brevi explevisse tempora multa: placitam Deo fuisse animam illius: raptam esse, ne malitia mutaret intellectum ejus. Illud certissimum: qui innocentissimæ puellæ integritatem laudibus, funus præproperum lacrymis non prosequeretur, neminem in oppido fuisse. Frater illius tum superstes eandem, quâ mater, sororque extinctæ sunt, invaletudinem sensit, sed, quia robustior, superavit. Quin et ex morbillis, qui multas in oppido edebant strages, subinde convaluit adeo, ut confirmata penitus valetudine nihil illi porro metuendum esse videretur. Hilari erat animo, statis horis sacram adivit ædem, Christiana dogmata condidicit perdiligenter, morigerum, placidumque se præbuit omnibus, ac frugis optimæ indicia passim dedit. Ad periclitandam tamen illius in oppido perseverantiam, tantisper differendum ejus baptismum existimavi. Hæc inter adest forte Indus Christianus, qui hunc catechumenum me jubente suis dudum habebat in ædibus, vir probus, et agri dives. Hic: mi

Pater, ajebat, sylvicola noster equidem optime valet, verum mihi videtur ad delirandum propendere. Nil sibi jam dolere, sed noctes sibi insomnes abire, inquit, spectabilem sibi matrem cum sorore adesse quot noctibus, et amica voce sibi dicere: *Ndecaray, ndecaray ânga, nderemimô a eĩrupi orŏ yu yebi ndererahabone.* Sine te, quæso, baptizari. Præter tuam expectationem veniemus iterum te abducturæ. Hoc alloquio, hoc aspectu sibi somnum impediri, ait. Jubeas illum meo nomine, respondi, bono esse animo. Tristem matris, sororisque, quibuscum, per omnem ætatem versatus est, recordationem somniorum ejusmodi causam esse. Illas cœlo, ut quidem mihi verisimile, receptas nihil jam negotii his in terris habere. Hæc ego. Verum paucos post dies idem redit Indus, eadem, quæ nuper, refert, suamque de timenda catechumeni deliratione suspicionem confirmat. Aliquid rei subesse, suspicatus actutum ejus in domum propero, sedentem deprehendo. Rogatus à me: quî se habeat? incolumem, doloris omnis expertem se esse ridens reponit, addit tamen: vigilando semper se noctem agere, quod mater, sororque identidem præsentes sibi offe-

rantur, de baptismo accelerando moneant, et inopinate se abducendum, minentur; idcirco nullam se quietis partem capere posse, iterum, iterumque mihi affirmat candore, ut semper alias, summo. Somniari ab illo talia, atque adeo contemni posse, autumaveram; memor tamen, somnia monitiones cœlestes, Dei oracula non raro exstitisse, uti divinis ex literis patet, in negotio tanti momenti visum mihi est catechumeni et securitati et tranquillitati consulere. De illiùs perseverantia, de religionis capitum scientia sat certus præmissis interrogationibusque necessariis eum sacris undis mox ablui, Ludovici nomine insignivi. Hoc a me præstitum 23 Junii, S. Joannis Baptistæ vigilia circa horam decimam antemeridianam. Eodem die circa vesperum nullo morbo, aut apoplexiæ indicio accedente placidissime expiravit.

" Hic eventus, universo oppido compertus, quemque juratus testari possum, in admirationem rapuit omnes. Lectoris arbitrio, quid de hoc sentiendum sit, relinquo. Nunquam tamen in animum inducere meum, potui, ut factum hoc fortuitum putarem. Eximiæ Dei clementiæ tribuo, quod hi tres sylvicolæ à me

sint reperti in ignotis sylvarum latebris, quod mihi ad oppidum meum, ad amplectendam religionem se hortanti morem promptissime gesserint, quod sacro latice expiati vitam clauserint. Optimum Numen in Cœlo consociatos voluit, qui tot annos in sylva contubernales fuere incredibili morum integritate. Fateor, dulcissimam mihi etiamnum accidere expeditionis ad flumen Empalado memoriam, quæ licet multis molestiis, periculisque mihi constiterit, ternis illis sylvicolis felicissima fuit; Hispanis utilissima: hi equidem à me facti certiores, quod per immensos illos nemorum tractus nulla porro Barbarorum vestigia extent, istic per triennium quæstu maximo multa centenariorum millia herbæ Paraquaricæ collegerunt. Neque id rarum, missionariorum, qui sylvas herbæ feraces barbaris liberant, sudore, aç periculo Hispanos ditescere mercatores. His tamen nunquam in mentem venit ad alendos, vestiendosque catechumenos vel micam, filumve contribuere. Illorum corpora, ut animi missionariorum sæpissime inopum curæ relinquuntur."— *Dobrizhoffer de Abiponibus, Lib. Prodromus*, pp. 97—106.

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Dedication.

TO

EDITH MAY SOUTHEY.

1.

EDITH! ten years are number'd, since the day,
Which ushers in the cheerful month of May,
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter dear,
Was blest. Thou therefore didst the name partake
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of the year;
But fitlier was it given thee for the sake
Of a good man, thy father's friend sincere,
Who at the font made answer in thy name.
Thy love and reverence rightly may he claim,
For closely hath he been with me allied
In friendship's holy bonds, from that first hour
When in our youth we met on Tejo's side;
Bonds which, defying now all Fortune's power,
Time hath not loosen'd, nor will Death divide.

2.

A child more welcome, by indulgent Heaven
Never to parents' tears and prayers was given!
For scarcely eight months at thy happy birth
Had pass'd, since of thy sister we were left,...
Our first-born and our only babe, bereft.
Too fair a flower was she for this rude earth!
The features of her beauteous infancy
Have faded from me, like a passing cloud,
Or like the glories of an evening sky:
And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name
Since she was summon'd to a happier sphere.
But that dear love so deeply wounded then,
I in my soul with silent faith sincere
Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

3.

I saw thee first with trembling thankfulness,
O daughter of my hopes and of my fears!
Press'd on thy senseless cheek a troubled kiss,
And breathed my blessing over thee with tears.

But memory did not long our bliss alloy;
For gentle nature who had given relief
Wean'd with new love the chasten'd heart from grief;
And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

It was a season when their leaves and flowers
The trees as to an Arctic summer spread:
When chilling wintry winds and snowy showers,
Which had too long usurp'd the vernal hours,
Like spectres from the sight of morning, fled
Before the presence of that joyous May;
And groves and gardens all the live-long day
Rung with the birds' loud love-songs. Over all,
One thrush was heard from morn till even-fall:
Thy Mother well remembers when she lay
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
How from yon lofty poplar's topmost spray
At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe was heard;
And when the light of evening died away,

That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love preferr'd.

5.

How I have doted on thine infant smiles
At morning when thine eyes unclosed on mine;
How, as the months in swift succession roll'd,
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
And watch'd the dawning of the light divine;
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still-repeated wiles
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,...
Something I ween thou know'st; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood in its winning years
The attempered soul to tenderness can move.
This thou canst tell; but not the hopes and fears
With which a parent's heart doth overflow,...
The thoughts and cares inwoven with that love,...
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not, canst not know.

6.

The years which since thy birth have pass'd away
May well to thy young retrospect appear
A measureless extent:...like yesterday
To me, so soon they fill'd their short career.
To thee discourse of reason have they brought,
With sense of time and change; and something too
Of this precarious state of things have taught,
Where Man abideth never in one stay;
And of mortality a mournful thought.
And I have seen thine eyes suffused in grief,
When I have said that with autumnal grey
The touch of eld hath mark'd thy father's head;
That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

7.

Thy happy nature from the painful thought
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
To hear me name the Grave: Thou knowest not
How large a portion of my heart is there!

The faces which I loved in infancy
Are gone; and bosom-friends of riper age,
With whom I fondly talk'd of years to come,
Summon'd before me to their heritage
Are in the better world, beyond the tomb.
And I have brethren there, and sisters dear,
And dearer babes. I therefore needs must dwell
Often in thought with those whom still I love so well.

8.

Thus wilt thou feel in thy maturer mind;
When grief shall be thy portion, thou wilt find
Safe consolation in such thoughts as these,...
A present refuge in affliction's hour.
And if indulgent Heaven thy lot should bless
With all imaginable happiness,
Here shalt thou have, my child, beyond all power
Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best delight.
Take therefore now thy Father's latest lay,...
Perhaps his last;...and treasure in thine heart
The feelings that its musing strains convey.
A song it is of life's declining day,

Yet meet for youth. Vain passions to excite,
No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,
Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent breath;
A reverent offering to the Grave I bring,
And twine a garland for the brow of Death.

Proem.

PROEM.

THAT was a memorable day for Spain,
When on Pamplona's towers, so basely won,
The Frenchmen stood, and saw upon the plain
Their long-expected succours hastening on:
Exultingly they mark'd the brave array,
And deem'd their leader should his purpose gain,
Tho' Wellington and England barr'd the way.
Anon the bayonets glitter'd in the sun,
And frequent cannon flash'd, whose lurid light
Redden'd thro' sulphurous smoke: fast vollying round
Roll'd the war-thunders, and with long rebound
Backward from many a rock and cloud-capt height
In answering peals Pyrene sent the sound.

Impatient for relief, toward the fight
The hungry garrison their eye-balls strain:
Vain was the Frenchman's skill, his valour vain;
And even then, when eager hope almost
Had moved their irreligious lips to prayer,
Averting from the fatal scene their sight,
They breathed the imprecations of despair.
For Wellesley's star hath risen ascendant there;
Once more he drove the host of France to flight,
And triumph'd once again for God and for the right.

That was a day, whose influence far and wide
The struggling nations felt; it was a joy
Wherewith all Europe rung from side to side.
Yet hath Pamplona seen in former time
A moment big with mightier consequence,
Affecting many an age and distant clime.
That day it was which saw in her defence,
Contending with the French before her wall,
A noble soldier of Guipuzcoa fall,
Sore hurt, but not to death. For when long care
Restored his shatter'd leg and set him free,

He would not brook a slight deformity,
As one who being gay and debonnair,
In courts conspicuous, as in camps must be:
So he forsooth a shapely boot must wear;
And the vain man, with peril of his life,
Laid the recovered limb again beneath the knife.

Long time upon the bed of pain he lay
Whiling with books the weary hours away;
And from that circumstance and this vain man
A train of long events their course began,
Whose term it is not given us yet to see.
Who hath not heard Loyola's sainted name,
Before whom Kings and Nations bow'd the knee?
Thy annals, Ethiopia, might proclaim
What deeds arose from that prolific day;
And of dark plots might shuddering Europe tell.
But Science too her trophies would display;
Faith give the martyrs of Japan their fame;
And Charity on works of love would dwell
In California's dolorous regions drear;
And where, amid a pathless world of wood,

Gathering a thousand rivers on his way,
Huge Orellana rolls his affluent flood;
And where the happier sons of Paraguay,
By gentleness and pious art subdued,
Bow'd their meek heads beneath the Jesuits' sway,
And lived and died in filial servitude.

I love thus uncontroll'd, as in a dream,
To muse upon the course of human things;
Exploring sometimes the remotest springs,
Far as tradition lends one guiding gleam;
Or following, upon Thought's audacious wings,
Into Futurity, the endless stream.
But now in quest of no ambitious height,
I go where truth and nature lead my way,
And ceasing here from desultory flight,
In measured strains I tell a Tale of Paraguay.

A Tale of Paraguay.

CANTO I.

A

TALE OF PARAGUAY.

CANTO I.

1.

JENNER! for ever shall thy honour'd name
Among the children of mankind be blest,
Who by thy skill hast taught us how to tame
One dire disease,..the lamentable pest
Which Africa sent forth to scourge the West,
As if in vengeance for her sable brood
So many an age remorselessly opprest.
For that most fearful malady subdued
Receive a poet's praise, a father's gratitude.

2.

Fair promise be this triumph of an age
When Man, with vain desires no longer blind,
And wise though late, his only war shall wage
Against the miseries which afflict mankind,
Striving with virtuous heart and strenuous mind
Till evil from the earth shall pass away.
Lo, this his glorious destiny assign'd!
For that blest consummation let us pray,
And trust in fervent faith, and labour as we may.

3.

The hideous malady which lost its power
When Jenner's art the dire contagion stay'd,
Among Columbia's sons, in fatal hour,
Across the wide Atlantic wave convey'd
Its fiercest form of pestilence display'd:
Where'er its deadly course the plague began
Vainly the wretched sufferer look'd for aid;
Parent from child, and child from parent ran,
For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bonds of man.

4.

A feeble nation of Guarani race,
Thinn'd by perpetual wars, but unsubdued,
Had taken up at length a resting place
Among those tracts of lake and swamp and wood,
Where Mondai issuing from its solitude
Flows with slow stream to Empalado's bed.
It was a region desolate and rude;
But thither had the horde for safety fled,
And being there conceal'd in peace their lives they led.

5.

There had the tribe a safe asylum found
Amid those marshes wide and woodlands dense,
With pathless wilds and waters spread around,
And labyrinthine swamps, a sure defence
From human foes, ... but not from pestilence.
The spotted plague appear'd, that direst ill,...
How brought among them none could tell, or whence;
The mortal seed had lain among them still,
And quicken'd now to work the Lord's mysterious will.

6.

Alas, it was no medicable grief
Which herbs might reach! Nor could the juggler's power
With all his antic mummeries bring relief.
Faith might not aid him in that ruling hour,
Himself a victim now. The dreadful stour
None could escape, nor aught its force assuage.
The marriageable maiden had her dower
From death; the strong man sunk beneath its rage,
And death cut short the thread of childhood and of age.

7.

No time for customary mourning now;
With hand close-clench'd to pluck the rooted hair,
To beat the bosom, on the swelling brow
Inflict redoubled blows, and blindly tear
The cheeks, indenting bloody furrows there,
The deep-traced signs indelible of woe;
Then to some crag, or bank abrupt, repair,
And giving grief its scope infuriate, throw
The impatient body thence upon the earth below.

8.

Devices these by poor weak nature taught,
Which thus a change of suffering would obtain;
And flying from intolerable thought
And piercing recollections, would full fain
Distract itself by sense of fleshly pain
From anguish that the soul must else endure.
Easier all outward torments to sustain,
Than those heart-wounds which only time can cure,
And He in whom alone the hopes of man are sure.

9.

None sorrow'd here; the sense of woe was sear'd,
When every one endured his own sore ill.
The prostrate sufferers neither hoped nor fear'd;
The body labour'd, but the heart was still:...
So let the conquering malady fulfil
Its fatal course, rest cometh at the end!
Passive they lay with neither wish nor will
For aught but this; nor did they long attend
That welcome boon from death, the never-failing friend.

10.

Who is there to make ready now the pit,
The house that will content from this day forth
Its easy tenant? Who in vestments fit
Shall swathe the sleeper for his bed of earth,
Now tractable as when a babe at birth?
Who now the ample funeral urn shall knead,
And burying it beneath his proper hearth
Deposit there with careful hands the dead,
And lightly then relay the floor above his head?

11.

Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred,
The hammock where they hang, for winding sheet
And grave suffices the deserted dead:
There from the armadillo's searching feet
Safer than if within the tomb's retreat.
The carrion birds obscene in vain essay
To find that quarry: round and round they beat
The air, but fear to enter for their prey,
And from the silent door the jaguar turns away.

12.

But nature for her universal law
Hath other surer instruments in store,
Whom from the haunts of men no wonted awe
Withholds as with a spell. In swarms they pour
From wood and swamp: and when their work is o'er
On the white bones the mouldering roof will fall;
Seeds will take root, and spring in sun and shower;
And Mother Earth ere long with her green pall,
Resuming to herself the wreck, will cover all.

13.

Oh! better thus with earth to have their part,
Than in Egyptian catacombs to lie,
Age after age preserved by horrid art,
In ghastly image of humanity!
Strange pride that with corruption thus would vie!
And strange delusion that would thus maintain
The fleshly form, till cycles shall pass by,
And in the series of the eternal chain,
The spirit come to seek its old abode again.

14.

One pair alone survived the general fate;
Left in such drear and mournful solitude,
That death might seem a preferable state.
Not more deprest the Arkite patriarch stood,
When landing first on Ararat he view'd,
Where all around the mountain summits lay,
Like islands seen amid the boundless flood!
Nor our first-parents more forlorn than they,
Thro' Eden when they took their solitary way.

15.

Alike to them, it seem'd in their despair,
Whither they wander'd from the infected spot.
Chance might direct their steps: they took no care;
Come well or ill to them, it matter'd not!
Left as they were in that unhappy lot,
The sole survivors they of all their race,
They reck'd not when their fate, nor where, nor what,
In this resignment to their hopeless case,
Indifferent to all choice or circumstance of place.

16.

That palsying stupor past away ere long,
And as the spring of health resumed its power,
They felt that life was dear, and hope was strong.
What marvel! 'Twas with them the morning hour,
When bliss appears to be the natural dower
Of all the creatures of this joyous earth;
And sorrow fleeting like a vernal shower
Scarce interrupts the current of our mirth;
Such is the happy heart we bring with us at birth.

17.

Tho' of his nature and his boundless love
Erring, yet tutor'd by instinctive sense,
They rightly deem'd the Power who rules above
Had saved them from the wasting pestilence.
That favouring power would still be their defence:
Thus were they by their late deliverance taught
To place a child-like trust in Providence,
And in their state forlorn they found this thought
Of natural faith with hope and consolation fraught.

18.

And now they built themselves a leafy bower,
Amid a glade, slow Mondai's stream beside,
Screen'd from the southern blast of piercing power:
Not like their native dwelling, long and wide,
By skilful toil of numbers edified,
The common home of all, their human nest,
Where threescore hammocks pendant side by side
Were ranged, and on the ground the fires were drest;
Alas that populous hive hath now no living guest!

19.

A few firm stakes they planted in the ground,
Circling a narrow space, yet large enow;
These strongly interknit they closed around
With basket-work of many a pliant bough.
The roof was like the sides; the door was low,
And rude the hut, and trimm'd with little care,
For little heart had they to dress it now;
Yet was the humble structure fresh and fair,
And soon its inmates found that Love might sojourn there.

20.

Quiara could recall to mind the course
Of twenty summers; perfectly he knew
Whate'er his fathers taught of skill or force.
Right to the mark his whizzing lance he threw,
And from his bow the unerring arrow flew
With fatal aim: and when the laden bee
Buzz'd by him in its flight, he could pursue
Its path with certain ken, and follow free
Until he traced the hive in hidden bank or tree.

21.

Of answering years was Monnema, nor less
Expert in all her sex's household ways.
The Indian weed she skilfully could dress;
And in what depth to drop the yellow maize
She knew, and when around its stem to raise
The lighten'd soil; and well could she prepare
Its ripen'd seed for food, her proper praise;
Or in the embers turn with frequent care
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes for daintier fare.

22.

And how to macerate the bark she knew,
And draw apart its beaten fibres fine,
And bleaching them in sun, and air, and dew;
From dry and glossy filaments entwine
With rapid twirl of hand the lengthening line;
Next interknitting well the twisted thread,
In many an even mesh its knots combine,
And shape in tapering length the pensile bed,
Light hammock there to hang beneath the leafy shed.

23.

Time had been when expert in works of clay
She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,
And fill'd it for the appointed festal day
With the beloved beverage which the bold
Quaff'd in their triumph and their joy of old;
The fruitful cause of many an uproar rude,
When in their drunken bravery uncontroll'd,
Some bitter jest awoke the dormant feud,
And wrath and rage and strife and wounds and death ensued.

24.

These occupations were gone by: the skill
Was useless now, which once had been her pride.
Content were they, when thirst impell'd, to fill
The dry and hollow gourd from Mondai's side;
The river from its sluggish bed supplied
A draught for repetition all unmeet;
Howbeit the bodily want was satisfied;
No feverish pulse ensued, nor ireful heat,
Their days were undisturb'd, their natural sleep was sweet.

25.

She too had learnt in youth how best to trim
The honoured Chief for his triumphal day,
And covering with soft gums the obedient limb
And body, then with feathers overlay,
In regular hues disposed, a rich display.
Well-pleased the glorious savage stood and eyed
The growing work; then vain of his array
Look'd with complacent frown from side to side,
Stalk'd with elater step, and swell'd with statelier pride.

26.

Feasts and carousals, vanity and strife,
Could have no place with them in solitude
To break the tenor of their even life.
Quiara day by day his game pursued,
Searching the air, the water, and the wood,
With hawk-like eye, and arrow sure as fate;
And Monnema prepared the hunter's food:
Cast with him here in this forlorn estate,
In all things for the man was she a fitting mate.

27.

The Moon had gather'd oft her monthly store
Of light, and oft in darkness left the sky,
Since Monnema a growing burthen bore
Of life and hope. The appointed weeks go by;
And now her hour is come, and none is nigh
To help: but human help she needed none.
A few short throes endured with scarce a cry,
Upon the bank she laid her new-born son,
Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

28.

Might old observances have there been kept,
Then should the husband to that pensile bed,
Like one exhausted with the birth have crept,
And laying down in feeble guise his head,
For many a day been nursed and dieted
With tender care, to childing mothers due.
Certes a custom strange, and yet far spread
Thro' many a savage tribe, howe'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as the new.

29.

This could not then be done; he might not lay
The bow and those unerring shafts aside;
Nor thro' the appointed weeks forego the prey,
Still to be sought amid those regions wide,
None being there who should the while provide
That lonely household with their needful food:
So still Quiara thro' the forest plied
His daily task, and in the thickest wood
Still laid his snares for birds, and still the chace pursued.

30.

But seldom may such thoughts of mingled joy
A father's agitated breast dilate,
As when he first beheld that infant boy.
Who hath not prov'd it, ill can estimate
The feeling of that stirring hour,...the weight
Of that new sense, the thoughtful, pensive bliss.
In all the changes of our changeful state,
Even from the cradle to the grave, I wis,
The heart doth undergo no change so great as this.

31.

A deeper and unwonted feeling fill'd
These parents, gazing on their new born son.
Already in their busy hopes they build
On this frail sand. Now let the seasons run,
And let the natural work of time be done
With them,...for unto them a child is born:
And when the hand of Death may reach the one,
The other will not now be left to mourn
A solitary wretch, all utterly forlorn.

32.

Thus Monnema and thus Quiara thought,
Tho' each the melancholy thought represt;
They could not chuse but feel, yet uttered not
The human feeling, which in hours of rest
Often would rise, and fill the boding breast
With a dread foretaste of that mournful day,
When, at the inexorable Power's behest,
The unwilling spirit, called perforce away,
Must leave, for ever leave its dear connatural clay.

33.

Link'd as they were, where each to each was all,
How might the poor survivor hope to bear
That heaviest loss which one day must befall,
Nor sink beneath the weight of his despair.
Scarce could the heart even for a moment dare
That miserable time to contemplate,
When the dread Messenger should find them there,
From whom is no escape,... and reckless Fate,
Whom it had bound so close, for ever separate.

34.

Lighter that burthen lay upon the heart
When this dear babe was born to share their lot;
They could endure to think that they must part.
Then too a glad consolatory thought
Arose, while gazing on the child they sought
With hope their dreary prospect to delude,
Till they almost believed, as fancy taught,
How that from them a tribe should spring renew'd,
To people and possess that ample solitude.

35.

Such hope they felt, but felt that whatsoe'er
The undiscoverable to come might prove,
Unwise it were to let that bootless care
Disturb the present hours of peace and love.
For they had gain'd a happiness above
The state which in their native horde was known:
No outward causes were there here to move
Discord and alien thoughts; being thus alone
From all mankind, their hearts and their desires were one.

36.

Different their love in kind and in degree
From what their poor depraved forefathers knew,
With whom degenerate instincts were left free
To take their course, and blindly to pursue,
Unheeding they the ills that must ensue,
The bent of brute desire. No moral tie
Bound the hard husband to his servile crew
Of wives; and they the chance of change might try,
All love destroy'd by such preposterous liberty.

37.

Far other tie this solitary pair
Indissolubly bound; true helpmates they,
In joy or grief, in weal or woe to share,
In sickness or in health, thro' life's long day;
And reassuming in their hearts her sway
Benignant Nature made the burthen light.
It was the Woman's pleasure to obey,
The Man's to ease her toil in all he might,
So each in serving each obtain'd the best delight.

38.

And as connubial, so parental love
Obey'd unerring Nature's order here,
For now no force of impious custom strove
Against her law;... such as was wont to sear
The unhappy heart with usages severe,
Till harden'd mothers in the grave could lay
Their living babes with no compunctious tear,
So monstrous men become, when from the way
Of primal light they turn thro' heathen paths astray.

39.

Deliver'd from this yoke, in them henceforth
The springs of natural love may freely flow:
New joys, new virtues with that happy birth
Are born, and with the growing infant grow.
Source of our purest happiness below
Is that benignant law which hath entwined
Dearest delight with strongest duty so
That in the healthy heart and righteous mind
Ever they co-exist, inseparably combined.

40.

Oh! bliss for them when in that infant face
They now the unfolding faculties descry,
And fondly gazing, trace... or think they trace
The first faint speculation in that eye,
Which hitherto hath roll'd in vacancy!
Oh! bliss in that soft countenance to seek
Some mark of recognition, and espy
The quiet smile which in the innocent cheek
Of kindness and of kind its consciousness doth speak!

41.

For him, if born among their native tribe,
Some haughty name his parents had thought good,
As weening that therewith they should ascribe
The strength of some fierce tenant of the wood,
The water, or the aërial solitude,
Jaguar or vulture, water-wolf or snake,
The beast that prowls abroad in search of blood,
Or reptile that within the treacherous brake
Waits for the prey, upcoil'd, its hunger to aslake.

42.

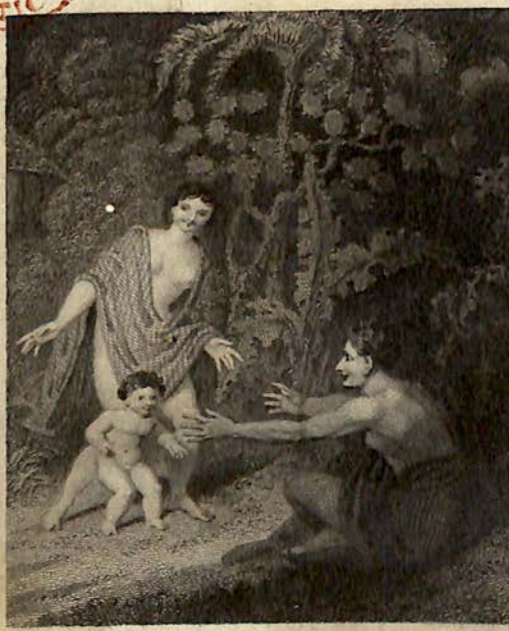
Now soften'd as their spirits were by love,
Abhorrent from such thoughts they turn'd away;
And with a happier feeling, from the dove,
They named the child Yeruti. On a day
When smiling at his mother's breast in play,
They in his tones of murmuring pleasure heard
A sweet resemblance of the stock-dove's lay,
Fondly they named him from that gentle bird,
And soon such happy use endear'd the fitting word.

43.

Days pass, and moons have wex'd and waned, and still
This dovelet nestled in their leafy bower
Obtains increase of sense, and strength and will,
As in due order many a latent power
Expands, ... humanity's exalted dower:
And they while thus the days serenely fled
Beheld him flourish like a vigorous flower
Which lifting from a genial soil its head
By seasonable suns and kindly showers is fed.

...THE
...BRA...
...BRANCH
...OF THE
...RATIC...

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.



Drawn by R. Westall, R.A. Engraved by C. Heath.

"THEN COME THE UNSTEADY STEP, THE TOTTERING PACE."

Canto 1st Stanza 44

London. Printed for Longman & Co. July 1825.

44.

Ere long the cares of helpless babyhood
To the next stage of infancy give place,
That age with sense of conscious growth endued,
When every gesture hath its proper grace:
Then come the unsteady step, the tottering pace;
And watchful hopes and emulous thoughts appear;
The imitative lips essay to trace
Their words, observant both with eye and ear,
In mutilated sounds which parents love to hear.

45.

Serenely thus the seasons pass away;
And, oh! how rapidly they seem to fly
With those for whom to-morrow like to-day
Glides on in peaceful uniformity!
Five years have since Yeruti's birth gone by,
Five happy years;...and ere the Moon which then
Hung like a Sylphid's light canoe on high
Should fill its circle, Monnema again
Laying her burthen down must bear a mother's pain.

46.

Alas, a keener pang before that day,
Must by the wretched Monnema be borne!
In quest of game Quiara went his way
To roam the wilds as he was wont, one morn;
She look'd in vain at eve for his return.
By moonlight thro' the midnight solitude
She sought him; and she found his garment torn,
His bow and useless arrows in the wood,
Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear, and blood.

A Tale of Paraguay.

CANTO II.

A

TALE OF PARAGUAY.

CANTO II.

1.

O THOU who listening to the Poet's song
Dost yield thy willing spirit to his sway,
Look not that I should painfully prolong
The sad narration of that fatal day
With tragic details: all too true the lay!
Nor is my purpose e'er to entertain
The heart with useless grief; but as I may,
Blend in my calm and meditative strain
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.

2.

O Youth or Maiden, whosoe'er thou art,
Safe in my guidance may thy spirit be!
I wound not wantonly the tender heart:
And if sometimes a tear of sympathy
Should rise, it will from bitterness be free ...
Yea, with a healing virtue be endued,
As thou in this true tale shalt hear from me
Of evils overcome, and grief subdued,
And virtues springing up like flowers in solitude.

3.

The unhappy Monnema when thus bereft
Sunk not beneath the desolating blow.
Widow'd she was: but still her child was left;
For him must she sustain the weight of woe,
Which else would in that hour have laid her low.
Nor wish'd she now the work of death compleat:
Then only doth the soul of woman know
It's proper strength, when love and duty meet;
Invincible the heart wherein they have their seat.

4.

The seamen who upon some coral reef
Are cast amid the interminable main,
Still cling to life, and hoping for relief
Drag on their days of wretchedness and pain.
In turtle shells they hoard the scanty rain,
And eat its flesh, sundried for lack of fire,
Till the weak body can no more sustain
Its wants, but sinks beneath its sufferings dire;
Most miserable man who sees the rest expire!

5.

He lingers there while months and years go by:
And holds his hope tho' months and years have past.
And still at morning round the farthest sky,
And still at eve his eagle glance is cast,
If there he may behold the far-off mast
Arise, for which he hath not ceased to pray.
And if perchance a ship should come at last,
And bear him from that dismal bank away,
He blesses God that he hath lived to see that day.

6.

So strong a hold hath life upon the soul,
Which sees no dawning of eternal light,
But subject to this mortal frame's controul,
Forgetful of its origin and right,
Content in bondage dwells and utter night.
By worthier ties was this poor mother bound
To life; even while her grief was at the height,
Then in maternal love support she found
And in maternal cares a healing for her wound.

7.

For now her hour is come: a girl is born,
Poor infant, all unconscious of its fate,
How passing strange, how utterly forlorn!
The genial season served to mitigate
In all it might their sorrowful estate,
Supplying to the mother at her door
From neighbouring trees which bent beneath their weight,
A full supply of fruitage now mature,
So in that time of need their sustenance was sure.

8.

Nor then alone, but alway did the Eye
Of Mercy look upon that lonely bower.
Days past, and weeks; and months and years went by,
And never evil thing the while had power
To enter there. The boy in sun and shower
Rejoicing in his strength to youthhed grew;
And Mooma, that beloved girl, a dower
Of gentleness from bounteous nature drew,
With all that should the heart of womankind imbue.

9.

The tears which o'er her infancy were shed
Profuse, resented not of grief alone:
Maternal love their bitterness allay'd,
And with a strength and virtue all its own
Sustain'd the breaking heart. A look, a tone,
A gesture of that innocent babe, in eyes
With saddest recollections overflown,
Would sometimes make a tender smile arise,
Like sunshine breaking thro' a shower in vernal skies.

10.

No looks but those of tenderness were found
To turn upon that helpless infant dear;
And as her sense unfolded, never sound
Of wrath or discord brake upon her ear.
Her soul its native purity sincere
Possess'd, by no example here defiled;
From envious passions free, exempt from fear,
Unknowing of all ill, amid the wild
Beloving and beloved she grew, a happy child.

11.

Yea, where that solitary bower was placed,
Tho' all unlike to Paradise the scene,
(A wide circumference of woodlands waste:)
Something of what in Eden might have been
Was shadowed there imperfectly, I ween,
In this fair creature: safe from all offence,
Expanding like a shelter'd plant serene,
Evils that fret and stain being far from thence,
Her heart in peace and joy retain'd its innocence.

12.

At first the infant to Yeruti proved
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.
A stronger tie than that of kindred moved
His inmost being, as the happy boy
Felt in his heart of hearts without alloy
The sense of kind: a fellow creature she,
In whom when now she ceased to be a toy
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to see
Connatural powers expand, and growing sympathy.

13.

For her he cull'd the fairest flowers, and sought
Throughout the woods the earliest fruits for her.
The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb he brought
To this beloved sister, ... whatsoe'er,
To his poor thought, of delicate or rare
The wilds might yield, solicitous to find.
They who affirm all natural acts declare
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and foully wrong
mankind.

14.

Three souls in whom no selfishness had place
Were here: three happy souls, which undefiled,
Albeit in darkness, still retain'd a trace
Of their celestial origin. The wild
Was as a sanctuary where Nature smiled
Upon these simple children of her own,
And cherishing whate'er was meek and mild,
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being unknown.

15.

What tho' at birth we bring with us the seed
Of sin, a mortal taint, ... in heart and will
Too surely felt, too plainly shewn in deed, ...
Our fatal heritage; yet are we still
The children of the All Merciful: and ill
They teach, who tell us that from hence must flow
God's wrath, and then his justice to fulfil,
Death everlasting, never-ending woe:
O miserable lot of man if it were so!

16.

Falsely and impiously teach they who thus
Our heavenly Father's holy will misread!
In bounty hath the Lord created us,
In love redeem'd. From this authentic creed
Let no bewildering sophistry impede
The heart's entire assent, for God is good.
Hold firm this faith, and, in whatever need,
Doubt not but thou wilt find thy soul endued
With all-sufficing strength of heavenly fortitude!

17.

By nature peccable and frail are we,
Easily beguiled; to vice, to error prone;
But apt for virtue too. Humanity
Is not a field where tares and thorns alone
Are left to spring; good seed hath there been sown
With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot
Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone;
But in a kindly soil it strikes its root,
And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.

18.

Love, duty, generous feeling, tenderness,
Spring in the uncontaminated mind;
And these were Mooma's natural dower. Nor less
Had liberal Nature to the boy assign'd.
Happier herein than if among mankind
Their lot had fallen, ... oh, certes happier here!
That all things tended still more close to bind
Their earliest ties, and they from year to year
Retain'd a childish heart, fond, simple, and sincere.

19.

They had no sad reflection to alloy
The calm contentment of the passing day,
No foresight to disturb the present joy.
Not so with Monnema; albeit the sway
Of time had reach'd her heart, and worn away,
At length, the grief so deeply seated there,
The future often, like a burthen, lay
Upon that heart, a cause of secret care
And melancholy thought; yet did she did not despair.

20.

Chance from the fellowship of human kind
Had cut them off, and chance might reunite.
On this poor possibility her mind
Reposed; she did not for herself invite
The unlikely thought, and cherish with delight
The dream of what such change might haply bring;
Gladness with hope long since had taken flight
From her; she felt that life was on the wing,
And happiness like youth has here no second spring.

21.

So were her feelings to her lot composed
That to herself all change had now been pain.
For Time upon her own desires had closed;
But in her children as she lived again,
For their dear sake she learnt to entertain
A wish for human intercourse renew'd;
And oftentimes, while they devour'd the strain,
Would she beguile their evening solitude
With stories strangely told and strangely understood.

22.

Little she knew, for little had she seen,
And little of traditionary lore
Had reach'd her ear; and yet to them I ween
Their mother's knowledge seem'd a boundless store.
A world it opened to their thoughts, yea more,...
Another world beyond this mortal state.
Bereft of her they had indeed been poor,
Being left to animal sense, degenerate,
Mere creatures, they had sunk below the beasts' estate.

23.

The human race, from her they understood,
Was not within that lonely hut confined,
But distant far beyond their world of wood
Were tribes and powerful nations of their kind;
And of the old observances which bind
People and chiefs, the ties of man and wife,
The laws of kin religiously assign'd,
Rites, customs, scenes of riotry and strife,
And all the strange vicissitudes of savage life.

24.

Wondering they listen to the wonderous tale,
But no repining thought such tales excite:
Only a wish, if wishes might avail,
Was haply felt, with juvenile delight,
To mingle in the social dance at night,
Where the broad moonshine, level as a flood,
O'erspread the plain, and in the silver light,
Well-pleased, the placid elders sate and view'd
The sport, and seem'd therein to feel their youth renew'd.

25.

But when the darker scenes their mother drew,
What crimes were wrought when drunken fury raged,
What miseries from their fatal discord grew
When horde with horde in deadly strife engaged:
The rancorous hate with which their wars they waged,
The more unnatural horrors which ensued,
When, with inveterate vengeance unassuaged,
The victors round their slaughtered captives stood.
And babes were brought to dip their little hands in blood:

26.

Horrent they heard; and with her hands the Maid
Prest her eyes close as if she strove to blot
The hateful image which her mind pourtray'd.
The Boy sate silently, intent in thought;
Then with a deep-drawn sigh, as if he sought
To heave the oppressive feeling from his breast,
Complacently compared their harmless lot
With such wild life, outrageous and unblest,
Securely thus to live, he said, was surely best.

27.

On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell,
From such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear.
Better they liked that Monnema should tell
Of things unseen; what power had placed them here,
And whence the living spirit came, and where
It past, when parted from this mortal mold;
Of such mysterious themes with willing ear
They heard, devoutly listening while she told
Strangely-disfigured truths, and fables feign'd of old.

28.

By the Great Spirit man was made, she said,
His voice it was which peal'd along the sky,
And shook the heavens and fill'd the earth with dread.
Alone and inaccessible, on high
He had his dwelling-place eternally,
And Father was his name. This all knew well;
But none had seen his face: and if his eye
Regarded what upon the earth befell,
Or if he cared for man, she knew not: ... who could tell?

29.

But this, she said, was sure, that after death
There was reward and there was punishment:
And that the evil doers, when the breath
Of their injurious lives at length was spent,
Into all noxious forms abhorr'd were sent,
Of beasts and reptiles; so retaining still,
Their old propensities, on evil bent,
They work'd where'er they might their wicked will,
The natural foes of men, whom we pursue and kill.

30.

Of better spirits, some there were who said
That in the grave they had their place of rest.
Lightly they laid the earth upon the dead,
Lest in its narrow tenement the guest
Should suffer underneath such load opprest.
But that death surely set the spirit free,
Sad proof to them poor Monnema addrest,
Drawn from their father's fate; no grave had he
Wherein his soul might dwell. This therefore could not be.

31.

Likelier they taught who said that to the Land
Of Souls the happy spirit took its flight,
A region underneath the sole command
Of the Good Power; by him for the upright
Appointed and replenish'd with delight;
A land where nothing evil ever came,
Sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor affright,
Nor change, nor death; but there the human frame,
Untouch'd by age or ill, continued still the same.

32.

Winds would not pierce it there, nor heat and cold
Grieve, nor thirst parch and hunger pine; but there
The sun by day its even influence hold
With genial warmth, and thro' the unclouded air
The moon upon her nightly journey fare:
The lakes and fish-full streams are never dry;
Trees ever green perpetual fruitage bear;
And, wheresoe'er the hunter turns his eye,
Water and earth and heaven to him their stores supply.

33.

And once there was a way to that good land,
For in mid-earth a wondrous Tree there grew,
By which the adventurer might with foot and hand
From branch to branch his upward course pursue;
An easy path, if what were said be true,
Albeit the ascent was long: and when the height
Was gain'd, that blissful region was in view,
Wherein the traveller safely might alight,
And roam abroad at will, and take his free delight.

34.

O happy time, when ingress thus was given
To the upper world, and at their pleasure they
Whose hearts were strong might pass from earth to heaven
By their own act and choice! In evil day
Mishap had fatally cut off that way,
And none may now the Land of Spirits gain,
Till from its dear-loved tenement of clay,
Violence or age, infirmity and pain
Divorce the soul which there full gladly would remain.

35.

Such grievous loss had by their own misdeed
Upon the unworthy race of men been brought.
An aged woman there who could not speed
In fishing, earnestly one day besought
Her countrymen, that they of what they caught
A portion would upon her wants bestow.
They set her hunger and her age at nought,
And still to her entreaties answered no,
And mock'd her, till they made her heart with rage o'erflow.

36.

But that old woman by such wanton wrong
Inflamed, went hurrying down; and in the pride
Of magic power wherein the crone was strong,
Her human form infirm she laid aside.
Better the Capiguara's limbs supplied
A strength accordant to her fierce intent:
These she assumed, and, burrowing deep and wide
Beneath the Tree, with vicious will, she went,
To inflict upon mankind a lasting punishment.

37.

Downward she wrought her way, and all around
Labouring, the solid earth she undermined
And loosen'd all the roots; then from the ground
Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,
Resumed her proper form, and breathed a wind
Which gather'd like a tempest round its head:
Eftsoon the lofty Tree its top inclined
Uptorn with horrible convulsion dread,
And over half the world its mighty wreck lay spread.

38.

But never scion sprouted from that Tree,
Nor seed sprang up; and thus the easy way,
Which had till then for young and old been free,
Was closed upon the sons of men for aye.
The mighty ruin moulder'd where it lay
Till not a trace was left; and now in sooth
Almost had all remembrance past away.
This from the elders she had heard in youth;
Some said it was a tale, and some a very truth.

39.

Nathless departed spirits at their will
Could from the land of souls pass to and fro;
They come to us in sleep when all is still,
Sometimes to warn against the impending blow,
Alas! more oft to visit us in woe:
Tho' in their presence there was poor relief!
And this had sad experience made her know,
For when Quiara came, his stay was brief,
And waking then, she felt a freshen'd sense of grief.

40.

Yet to behold his face again, and hear
His voice, tho' painful was a deep delight:
It was a joy to think that he was near,
To see him in the visions of the night, ...
To know that the departed still requite
The love which to their memory still will cling:
And tho' he might not bless her waking sight
With his dear presence, 'twas a blessed thing
That sleep would thus sometimes his actual image
bring.

41.

Why comes he not to me? Yeruti cries:
And Mooma echoing with a sigh the thought,
Ask'd why it was that to her longing eyes
No dream the image of her father brought?
Nor Monnema to solve that question sought
In vain, content in ignorance to dwell;
Perhaps it was because they knew him not;
Perhaps ... but sooth she could not answer well;
What the departed did, themselves alone could tell.

42.

What one tribe held another disbelieved,
For all concerning this was dark, she said;
Uncertain all, and hard to be received.
The dreadful race, from whom their fathers fled,
Boasted that even the Country of the Dead
Was theirs, and where their Spirits chose to go,
The ghosts of other men retired in dread
Before the face of that victorious foe;
No better, then, the world above, than this below!

43.

What then, alas! if this were true, was death?
Only a mournful change from ill to ill!
And some there were who said the living breath
Would ne'er be taken from us by the will
Of the Good Father, but continue still
To feed with life the mortal frame he gave,
Did not mischance or wicked witchcraft kill;...
Evils from which no care avail'd to save,
And whereby all were sent to fill the greedy grave.

44.

In vain to counterwork the baleful charm
By spells of rival witchcraft was it sought,
Less potent was that art to help than harm.
No means of safety old experience brought:
Nor better fortune did they find who thought
From Death, as from some living foe, to fly:
For speed or subterfuge avail'd them nought,
But wheresoe'er they fled they found him nigh:
None ever could elude that unseen enemy.

45.

Bootless the boast, and vain the proud intent
Of those who hoped, with arrogant display
Of arms and force, to scare him from their tent,
As if their threatful shouts and fierce array
Of war could drive the Invisible away!
Sometimes regardless of the sufferer's groan,
They dragg'd the dying out and as a prey
Exposed him, that content with him alone
Death might depart, and thus his fate avert their own.

46.

Depart he might, ... but only to return
In quest of other victims, soon or late;
When they who held this fond belief, would learn,
Each by his own inevitable fate,
That in the course of man's uncertain state
Death is the one and only certain thing.
Oh folly then to fly or deprecate
That which at last Time, ever on the wing,
Certain as day and night, to weary age must bring!

47.

While thus the Matron spake, the youthful twain
Listen'd in deep attention, wistfully;
Whether with more of wonder or of pain
Uneath it were to tell. With steady eye
Intent they heard; and when she paused, a sigh
Their sorrowful foreboding seem'd to speak:
Questions to which she could not give reply
Yeruti ask'd; and for that Maiden meek, ...
Involuntary tears ran down her quiet cheek.

48.

A different sentiment within them stirr'd,
When Monnema recall'd to mind one day,
Imperfectly, what she had sometimes heard
In childhood, long ago, the Elders say:
Almost from memory had it past away,...
How there appear'd amid the woodlands men
Whom the Great Spirit sent there to convey
His gracious will; but little heed she then
Had given, and like a dream it now recurr'd again.

49.

But these young questioners from time to time
Call'd up the long-forgotten theme anew.
Strange men they were, from some remotest clime
She said, of different speech, uncouth to view,
Having hair upon their face, and white in hue:
Across the world of waters wide they came
Devotedly the Father's work to do,
And seek the Red Men out, and in his name
His merciful laws, and love, and promises proclaim.

50.

They served a Maid more beautiful than tongue
Could tell, or heart conceive. Of human race,
All heavenly as that Virgin was, she sprung;
But for her beauty and celestial grace,
Being one in whose pure elements no trace
Had e'er inhered of sin or mortal stain,
The highest Heaven was now her dwelling place;
There as a Queen divine she held her reign,
And there in endless joy for ever would remain.

51.

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were set,
And, moving in their order round her head,
The stars compose her sparkling coronet.
There at her breast the Virgin Mother fed
A Babe divine, who was to judge the dead,
Such power the Spirit gave this aweful Child;
Severe he was, and in his anger dread,
Yet always at his Mother's will grew mild,
So well did he obey that Maiden undefiled.

52.

Sometimes she had descended from above
To visit her true votaries, and requite
Such as had served her well. And for her love,
These bearded men, forsaking all delight,
With labour long and dangers infinite,
Across the great blue waters came, and sought
The Red-Men here, to win them, if they might,
From bloody ways, rejoiced to profit aught
Even when with their own lives the benefit was bought.

53.

For trusting in this heavenly Maiden's grace,
It was for them a joyful thing to die,
As men who went to have their happy place
With her, and with that Holy Child, on high,
In fields of bliss above the starry sky,
In glory, at the Virgin Mother's feet:
And all who kept their lessons faithfully,
An everlasting guerdon there would meet,
When Death had led their souls to that celestial seat.

54.

On earth they offered, too, an easy life
To those who their mild lessons would obey,
Exempt from want, from danger, and from strife;
And from the forest leading them away,
They placed them underneath this Virgin's sway,
A numerous fellowship, in peace to dwell;
Their high and happy office there to pay
Devotions due, which she requited well,
Their heavenly Guardian she in whatsoe'er befell.

55.

Thus, Monnema remember'd, it was told
By one who in his hot and headstrong youth
Had left her happy service; but when old
Lamented oft with unavailing ruth,
And thoughts which sharper than a serpent's tooth
Pierced him, that he had changed that peaceful place
For the fierce freedom and the ways uncouth
Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace,
Wherefore he had no hope to see in Heaven her face.

56.

And she remember'd too when first they fled
For safety to the farthest solitude
Before their cruel foes, and lived in dread
That thither too their steps might be pursued
By those old enemies athirst for blood;
How some among them hoped to see the day
When these beloved messengers of good
To that lone hiding place might find the way,
And them to their abode of blessedness convey.

57.

Such tales excited in Yeruti's heart
A stirring hope that haply he might meet
Some minister of Heaven; and many a part
Untrod before of that wild wood retreat,
Did he with indefatigable feet
Explore; yet ever [redacted] the fruitless quest
Return'd at evening to his native seat
By daily disappointment undeprest,...
So buoyant was the hope that fill'd his youthful breast.

58.

At length the hour approach'd that should fulfil
His harmless heart's desire, when they shall see
Their fellow-kind, and take for good or ill
The fearful chance, for such it needs must be,
Of change from that entire simplicity.
Yet wherefore should the thought of change appal?
Grief it perhaps might bring, and injury,
And death;...but evil never can befall
The virtuous, for the Eye of Heaven is over all.

A Tale of Paraguay.

CANTO III.

A

TALE OF PARAGUAY.

CANTO III.

1.

Amid those marshy woodlands far and wide
Which spread beyond the soaring vulture's eye,
There grew on Empalado's southern side
Groves of that tree whose leaves adust supply
The Spaniards with their daily luxury;
A beverage whose salubrious use obtains
Thro' many a land of mines and slavery,
Even over all La Plata's sea-like plains,
And Chili's mountain realm, and proud Peru's domains.

2.

But better for the injured Indian race
Had woods of manchineel the land o'erspread:
Yea in that tree so blest by Nature's grace
A direr curse had they inherited,
Than if the Upas there had rear'd its head
And sent its baleful scyons all around,
Blasting where'er its effluent force was shed,
In air and water, and the infected ground,
All things wherein the breath or sap of life is found.

3.

The poor Guaranies dreamt of no such ill,
When for themselves in miserable hour,
The virtues of that leaf, with pure good will
They taught their unsuspected visitor,
New in the land as yet. They learnt his power
Too soon, which law nor conscience could restrain,
A fearless but inhuman conqueror,
Heart-hardened by the accursed lust of gain.
O fatal thirst of gold! O foul reproach for Spain!

4.

For gold and silver had the Spaniards sought
Exploring Paraguay with desperate pains,
Their way thro' forests axe in hand they wrought;
Drench'd from above by unremitting rains
They waded over inundated plains,
Forward by hope of plunder still allured;
So they might one day count their golden gains,
They cared not at what cost of sin procured,
All dangers they defied, all sufferings they endured.

5.

Barren alike of glory and of gold
That region proved to them; nor would the soil
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, ... and wine and oil,
The treasures that repay contented toil
With health and weal; treasures that with them bring
No guilt for priest and penance to assoil,
Nor with their venom arm the awaken'd sting
Of conscience at that hour when life is vanishing.

6.

But keen of eye in their pursuit of gain
The conquerors look'd for lucre in this tree:
An annual harvest there might they attain,
Without the cost of annual industry.
'Twas but to gather in what there grew free
And share Potosi's wealth. Nor thence alone,
But gold in glad exchange they soon should see
From all that once the Incas called their own,
Or where the Zippa's power or Zaque's laws were known.

7.

For this, in fact tho' not in name a slave,
The Indian from his family was torn;
And droves on droves were sent to find a grave
In woods and swamps, by toil severe outworn,
No friend at hand to succour or to mourn,
In death unpitied, as in life unblest.
O miserable race, to slavery born!
Yet when we look beyond this world's unrest,
More miserable then the oppressors than the oppprest.

8.

Often had Kings essay'd to check the ill
By edicts not so well enforced as meant;
A present power was wanting to fulfil
Remote authority's sincere intent.
To Avarice, on its present purpose bent,
The voice of distant Justice spake in vain;
False magistrates and priests their influence lent
The accursed thing for lucre to maintain:
O fatal thirst of gold! O foul reproach for Spain!

9.

O foul reproach! but not for Spain alone
But for all lands that bear the Christian name!
Where'er commercial slavery is known,
O shall not Justice trumpet-tongued proclaim
The foul reproach, the black offence the same?
Hear, guilty France! and thou, O England, hear!
Thou who hast half redeem'd thyself from shame,
When slavery from thy realms shall disappear,
Then from this guilt, and not till then, wilt thou be clear.

10.

Uncheck'd in Paraguay it ran its course,
Till all the gentler children of the land
Well nigh had been consumed without remorse.
The bolder tribes meantime, whose skilful hand
Had tam'd the horse, in many a warlike band
Kept the field well with bow and dreadful spear.
And now the Spaniards dared no more withstand
Their force, but in their towns grew pale with fear
If the Mocobio, or the Abipon drew near.

11.

Bear witness, Chaco, thou, from thy domain
With Spanish blood, as erst with Indian, fed!
And Corrientes, by whose church the slain
Were piled in heaps, till for the gather'd dead
One common grave was dug, one service said!
Thou too, Parana, thy sad witness bear
From shores with many a mournful vestige spread,
And monumenta crosses here and there
And monumental names that tell where dwellings were!

12.

Nor would with all their power the Kings of Spain,
Austrian or Bourbon, have at last avail'd
This torrent of destruction to restrain,
And save a people every where assail'd
By men before whose face their courage quail'd,
But for the virtuous agency of those
Who with the Cross alone, when arms had fail'd,
Achiev'd a peaceful triumph o'er the foes,
And gave that weary land the blessings of repose.

13.

For whensoe'er the Spaniards felt or fear'd
An Indian enemy, they call'd for aid
Upon Loyola's sons, now long endear'd
To many a happy tribe, by them convey'd
From the open wilderness or woodland shade,
In towns of happiest polity to dwell.
Freely these faithful ministers essay'd
The arduous enterprize, contented well
If with success they sped, or if as martyrs fell.

14.

And now it chanced some traders who had fell'd
The trees of precious foliage far and wide
On Empalado's shore, when they beheld
The inviting woodlands on its northern side,
Crost thither in their quest, and there espied
Yeruti's footsteps: searching then the shade
At length a lonely dwelling they descried,
And at the thought of hostile hordes dismay'd
To the nearest mission sped and ask'd the Jesuit's aid.

15.

That was a call which ne'er was made in vain
Upon Loyola's sons. In Paraguay
Much of injustice had they to complain,
Much of neglect; but faithful labourers they
In the Lord's vineyard, there was no delay
When summon'd to his work. A little band
Of converts made them ready for the way;
Their spiritual father took a cross in hand
To be his staff, and forth they went to search the land.

16.

He was a man of rarest qualities,
Who to this barbarous region had confined
A spirit with the learned and the wise
Worthy to take its place, and from mankind
Receive their homage, to the immortal mind
Paid in its just inheritance of fame.
But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined;
From Gratz amid the Styrian hills he came,
And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's honour'd name.

17.

It was his evil fortune to behold
The labours of his painful life destroy'd;
His flock which he had brought within the fold
Dispersed; the work of ages render'd void,
And all of good that Paraguay enjoy'd
By blind and suicidal power o'erthrown,
So he the years of his old age employ'd,
A faithful chronicler in handing down
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.

18.

And thus when exiled from the dear-loved scene,
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain
Of sad remembrance: and the Empress Queen,
That great Teresa, she did not disdain
In gracious mood sometimes to entertain
Discourse with him both pleasurable and sage;
And sure a willing ear she well might deign
To one whose tales may equally engage
The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful heart of age.

19.

But of his native speech because well nigh
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
In Latin he composed his history;
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught
With matter of delight and food for thought.
And if he could in Merlin's glass have seen
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,
As when he won the ear of that great Empress Queen.

20.

Little he deem'd when with his Indian band
He thro' the wilds set forth upon his way,
A Poet then unborn, and in a land
Which had proscribed his order, should one day
Take up from thence his moralizing lay,
And shape a song that, with no fiction drest,
Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,
And sinking deep in many an English breast,
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest.

21.

Behold him on his way! the breviary
Which from his girdle hangs, his only shield;
That well-known habit is his panoply,
That cross, the only weapon he will wield:
By day he bears it for his staff afield,
By night it is the pillar of his bed;
No other lodging these wild woods can yield
Than earth's hard lap, and rustling overhead
A canopy of deep and tangled boughs far spread.

22.

Yet may they not without some cautious care
Take up their inn content upon the ground.
First it behoves to clear a circle there,
And trample down the grass and plantage round,
Where many a deadly reptile might be found,
Whom with its bright and comfortable heat
The flame would else allure: such plagues abound
In these thick woods, and therefore must they beat
The earth, and trample well the herbs beneath their feet.

23.

And now they heap dry reeds and broken wood;
The spark is struck, the crackling faggots blaze,
And cheer that unaccustomed solitude.
Soon have they made their frugal meal of maize;
In grateful adoration then they raise
The evening hymn. How solemn in the wild
That sweet accordant strain wherewith they praise
The Queen of Angels, merciful and mild:
Hail, holiest Mary! Maid, and Mother undefiled.

24.

Blame as thou mayest the Papist's erring creed,
But not their salutary rite of even!
The prayers that from a pious soul proceed,
Tho' misdirected, reach the ear of Heaven.
Us unto whom a purer faith is given,
As our best birthright it behoves to hold
The precious charge. But, oh, beware the leaven
Which makes the heart of charity grow cold!
We own one Shepherd, we shall be at last one fold.

25.

Thinkest thou the little company who here
Pour forth their hymn devout at close of day,
Feel it no aid that those who hold them dear,
At the same hour the self-same homage pay,
Commending them to Heaven when far away?
That the sweet bells are heard in solemn chime
Thro' all the happy towns of Paraguay,
Where now their brethren in one point of time
Join in the general prayer, with sympathy sublime?

26.

That to the glorious Mother of their Lord
Whole Christendom that hour its homage pays?
From court and cottage that with one accord
Ascends the universal strain of praise?
Amid the crouded city's restless ways,
One reverential thought pervades the throng;
The traveller on his lonely road obeys
The sacred hour, and as he fares along,
In spirit hears and joins his household's even-song.

27.

What if they think that every prayer enroll'd
Shall one day in their good account appear;
That guardian Angels hover round and fold
Their wings in adoration while they hear;
Ministrant Spirits thro' the ethereal sphere
Waft it with joy, and to the grateful theme
Well pleased, the Mighty Mother bends her ear?
A vain delusion this we rightly deem:
Yet what they feel is not a mere illusive dream,

28.

That prayer perform'd, around the fire reclined
Beneath the leafy canopy they lay
Their limbs: the Indians soon to sleep resign'd;
And the good Father with that toilsome day
Fatigued, full fain to sleep,... if sleep he may,
Whom all tormenting insects there assail;
More to be dreaded these than beasts of prey
Against whom strength may cope, or skill prevail,
But art of man against these enemies must fail.

29.

Patience itself that should the sovereign cure
For ills that touch ourselves alone, supply,
Lends little aid to one who must endure
This plague: the small tormentors fill the sky,
And swarm about their prey; there he must lie
And suffer while the hours of darkness wear;
At times he utters with a deep drawn sigh
Some name adored, in accents of despair
Breathed sorrowfully forth, half murmur and half prayer.

30.

Welcome to him the earliest gleam of light;
Welcome to him the earliest sound of day;
That from the sufferings of that weary night
Released, he may resume his willing way,
Well pleased again the perils to essay
Of that drear wilderness, with hope renew'd:
Success will all his labours overpay:
A quest like his is cheerfully pursued;
The heart is happy still that is intent on good.

31.

And now where Empalado's waters creep
Through low and level shores of woodland wide,
They come; prepared to cross the sluggish deep,
An ill-shaped coracle of hardest hide,
Ruder than ever Cambrian fisher plied
Where Towey and the salt sea-waters meet,
The Indians' launch; they steady it and guide,
Winning their way with arms and practised feet,
While in the tottering boat the Father keeps his seat.

32.

For three long summer days on every side
They search in vain the sylvan solitude.
The fourth a human footstep is espied,
And through the mazes of the pathless wood
With hound-like skill and hawk-like eye pursued;
For keen upon their pious quest are they
As e'er were hunters on the track of blood.
Where softer ground or trodden herbs betray
The slightest mark of man, they there explore the way.

33.

More cautious when more certain of the trace
In silence they proceed; not like a crew
Of jovial hunters, who the joyous chace
With hound and horn in open field pursue,
Cheering their way with jubilant halloo,
And hurrying forward to their spoil desired,
The panting game before them, full in view:
Humaner thoughts this little band inspired,
Yet with a hope as high their gentle hearts were fired.

34.

Nor is their virtuous hope devoid of fear;
The perils of that enterprize they know;
Some savage horde may have its fastness here,
A race to whom a stranger is a foe;
Who not for friendly words, nor proffer'd show
Of gifts, will peace or parley entertain.
If by such hands their blameless blood should flow
To serve the Lamb who for their sins was slain,
Blessed indeed their lot, for so to die is gain!

35.

Them thus pursuing where the track may lead,
A human voice arrests upon their way.
They stop, and thither whence the sounds proceed,
All eyes are turn'd in wonder,... not dismay,
For sure such sounds might charm all fear away.
No nightingale whose brooding mate is nigh,
From some sequester'd bower at close of day,
No lark rejoicing in the orient sky
Ever pour'd forth so wild a strain of melody.

36.

The voice which through the ringing forest floats
Is one which having ne'er been taught the skill
Of marshalling sweet words to sweeter notes,
Utters all unpremeditate, at will,
A modulated sequence loud and shrill
Of inarticulate and long-breathed sound,
Varying its tones with rise and fall and trill,
Till all the solitary woods around
With that far-piercing power of melody resound.

37.

In mute astonishment attent to hear,
As if by some enchantment held, they stood,
With bending head, fix'd eye, and eager ear,
And hand upraised in warning attitude
To check all speech or step that might intrude
On that sweet strain. Them leaving thus spell-bound,
A little way alone into the wood
The Father gently moved toward the sound,
Treading with quiet feet upon the grassy ground.

38.

Anon advancing thus the trees between,
He saw beside her bower the songstress wild,
Not distant far, himself the while unseen.
Mooma it was, that happy maiden mild,
Who in the sunshine, like a careless child
Of nature, in her joy was caroling.
A heavier heart than his it had beguiled
So to have heard so fair a creature sing
The strains which she had learnt from all sweet birds of spring.

39.

For these had been her teachers, these alone;
And she in many an emulous essay,
At length into a descant of her own
Had blended all their notes, a wild display
Of sounds in rich irregular array;
And now as blithe as bird in vernal bower,
Pour'd in full flow the unexpressive lay,
Rejoicing in her consciousness of power,
But in the inborn sense of harmony yet more.

40.

In joy had she begun the ambitious song,
With rapid interchange of sink and swell;
And sometimes high the note was raised, and long
Produced, with shake and effort sensible,
As if the voice exulted there to dwell;
But when she could no more that pitch sustain,
So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell,
That with the music of it's dying strain
She moved herself to tears of pleasurable pain.

41.

It may be deem'd some dim presage possess'd
The virgin's soul; that some mysterious sense
Of change to come, upon her mind impress'd,
Had then call'd forth, ere she departed thence,
A requiem to their days of innocence.
For what thou losest in thy native shade
There is one change alone that may compense,
O Mooma, innocent and simple maid,
Only one change, and it will not be long delay'd!

42.

When now the Father issued from the wood
Into that little glade in open sight,
Like one entranced, beholding him, she stood;
Yet had she more of wonder than affright,
Yet less of wonder than of dread delight,
When thus the actual vision came in view;
For instantly the maiden read aright
Wherefore he came; his garb and beard she knew;
All that her mother heard had then indeed been true.

43.

Nor was the Father filled with less surprize;
He too strange fancies well might entertain,
When this so fair a creature met his eyes.
He might have thought her not of mortal strain;
Rather, as bards of yore were wont to feign,
A nymph divine of Mondai's secret stream;
Or haply of Diana's woodland train:
For in her beauty Mooma such might seem,
Being less a child of earth than like a poet's dream.

44.

No art of barbarous ornament had scarr'd
And stain'd her virgin limbs, or 'filed her face;
Nor ever yet had evil passion marr'd
In her sweet countenance the natural grace
Of innocence and youth; nor was there trace
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and care.
Strange was it in this wild and savage place,
Which seem'd to be for beasts a fitting lair,
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so fair.

45.

Across her shoulders was a hammock flung,
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day
Her only garment. Round her as it hung,
In short unequal folds of loose array,
The open meshes, when she moves, display
Her form. She stood with fix'd and wondering eyes,
And trembling like a leaf upon the spray,
Even for excess of joy, with eager cries
She call'd her mother forth to share that glad surprize.

46.

At that unwonted call with quickened pace
The matron hurried thither, half in fear.
How strange to Monnema a stranger's face!
How strange it was a stranger's voice to hear,
How strangely to her disaccustomed ear
Came even the accents of her native tongue!
But when she saw her countrymen appear,
Tears for that unexpected blessing sprung,
And once again she felt as if her heart were young.

47.

Soon was her melancholy story told,
And glad consent unto that Father good
Was given, that they to join his happy fold
Would leave with him their forest solitude.
Why comes not now Yeruti from the wood?
Why tarrieth he so late this blessed day?
They long to see their joy in his renew'd,
And look impatiently toward his way,
And think they hear his step, and chide his long delay.

48.

He comes at length, a happy man, to find
His only dream of hope fulfill'd at last.
The sunshine of his all-believing mind
There is no doubt or fear to overcast;
No chilling forethought checks his bliss; the past
Leaves no regret for him, and all to come
Is change and wonder and delight. How fast
Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum
Of joys unknown, whereof the expectance makes him dumb!

49.

O happy day, the Messenger of Heaven
Hath found them in their lonely dwelling place!
O happy day, to them it would be given
To share in that Eternal Mother's grace,
And one day see in heaven her glorious face
Where Angels round her mercy-throne adore!
Now shall they mingle with the human race,
Sequester'd from their fellow kind no more;
O joy of joys supreme! O bliss for them in store!

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50.

Full of such hopes this night they lie them down,
But not as they were wont, this night to rest.
Their old tranquillity of heart is gone;
The peace wherewith till now they have been blest
Hath taken its departure. In the breast
Fast following thoughts and busy fancies throng;
Their sleep itself is feverish, and possest
With dreams that to the wakeful mind belong;
To Mooma and the youth then first the night
seem'd long.

51.

Day comes, and now a first and last farewell
To that fair bower within their native wood,
Their quiet nest till now. The bird may dwell
Henceforth in safety there, and rear her brood,
And beasts and reptiles undisturb'd intrude.
Reckless of this, the simple tenants go,
Emerging from their peaceful solitude,
To mingle with the world, ... but not to know
Its crimes, nor to partake its cares, nor feel its woe.

A Tale of Paraguay.

CANTO IV.

A

TALE OF PARAGŬAY.

CANTO IV.

1.

THE bells rung blithely from St. Mary's tower
When in St. Joachin's the news was told
That Dobrizhoffer from his quest that hour
Drew nigh: the glad Guaranies young and old
Throng thro' the gate, rejoicing to behold
His face again; and all with heartfelt glee
Welcome the Pastor to his peaceful fold,
Where so beloved amid his flock was he
That this return was like a day of jubilee.

2.

How more than strange, how marvellous a sight
To the new comers was this multitude!
Something like fear was mingled with affright
When they the busy scene of turmoil view'd.
Wonder itself the sense of joy subdued
And with its all-unwonted weight oppress
These children of the quiet solitude;
And now and then a sigh that heaved the breast
Unconsciously bewray'd their feeling of unrest.

3.

Not more prodigious than that little town
Seem'd to these comers, were the pomp and power
To us, of ancient Rome in her renown;
Nor the elder Babylon, or e'er that hour
When her high gardens, and her cloud-capt tower,
And her broad walls before the Persian fell;
Nor those dread fanes on Nile's forsaken shore
Whose ruins yet their pristine grandeur tell,
Wherein the demon gods themselves might deign to dwell.

4.

But if, all humble as it was, that scene
Possess'd a poor and uninstructed mind
With awe, the thoughtful spirit, well I ween,
Something to move its wonder there might find,
Something of consolation for its kind,
Some hope and earnest of a happier age,
When vain pursuits no more the heart shall blind,
But Faith the evils of this earth assuage,
And to all souls assure their heavenly heritage.

5.

Yes; for in history's mournful map, the eye
On Paraguay, as on a sunny spot,
May rest complacent: to humanity,
There, and there only, hath a peaceful lot
Been granted, by Ambition troubled not,
By Avarice undebased, exempt from care,
By perilous passions undisturb'd. And what
If Glory never rear'd her standard there,
Nor with her clarion's blast awoke the slumbering air?

6.

Content, and cheerful Piety were found
Within those humble walls. From youth to age
The simple dwellers paced their even round
Of duty, not desiring to engage
Upoñ the busy world's contentious stage,
Whose ways they wisely had been train'd to dread:
Their inoffensive lives in pupilage
Perpetually, but peacefully they led,
From all temptation saved, and sure of daily bread.

7.

They on the Jesuit, who was nothing loth,
Reposed alike their conscience and their cares;
And he, with equal faith, the trust of both
Accepted and discharged. The bliss is theirs
Of that entire dependence that prepares
Entire submission, let what may befall:
And his whole careful course of life declares
That for their good he holds them thus in thrall,
Their Father and their Friend, Priest, Ruler, all in all.

8.

Food, raiment, shelter, safety, he provides;
No forecast, no anxieties have they;
The Jesuit governs, and instructs and guides;
Their part it is to honour and obey,
Like children under wise parental sway.
All thoughts and wishes are to him confest;
And when at length in life's last weary day
In sure and certain hope they sink to rest,
By him their eyes are closed, by him their burial blest.

9.

Deem not their lives of happiness devoid,
Tho' thus the years their course obscurely fill;
In rural and in household arts employ'd,
And many a pleasing task of pliant skill,
For emulation here unmix'd with ill,
Sufficient scope was given. Each had assign'd
His proper part, which yet left free the will;
So well they knew to mould the ductile mind
By whom the scheme of that wise order was combined.

10.

It was a land of priestcraft, but the priest
Believed himself the fables that he taught:
Corrupt their forms, and yet those forms at least
Preserved a salutary faith that wrought,
Maugre the alloy, the saving end it sought.
Benevolence had gain'd such empire there,
That even superstition had been brought
An aspect of humanity to wear,
And make the weal of man its first and only care.

11.

Nor lack'd they store of innocent delight,
Music and song and dance and proud array,
Whate'er might win the ear, or charm the sight;
Banners and pageantry in rich display
Brought forth upon some Saint's high holyday,
The altar drest, the church with garlands hung,
Arches and floral bowers beside the way,
And festal tables spread for old and young,
Gladness in every heart, and mirth on every tongue.

12.

Thou who despisest so debased a fate,
As in the pride of wisdom thou may'st call
These meek submissive Indians' low estate,
Look round the world, and see where over all
Injurious passions hold mankind in thrall!
How barbarous Force asserts a ruthless reign,
Or Mammon, o'er his portion of the ball,
Hath learn'd a baser empire to maintain,
Mammon, the god of all who give their souls to gain.

13.

Behold the fraudful arts, the covert strife,
The jarring interests that engross mankind;
The low pursuits, the selfish aims of life;
Studies that weary and contract the mind,
That bring no joy, and leave no peace behind;
And Death approaching to dissolve the spell!
The immortal soul, which hath so long been blind,
Recovers then clear sight, and sees too well
The error of its ways, when irretrievable.

14.

Far happier the Guaranies humble race,
With whom in dutiful contentment wise,
The gentle virtues had their dwelling place.
With them the dear domestic charities
Sustain'd no blight from fortune; natural ties
There suffer'd no divorcement, save alone
That which in course of nature might arise;
No artificial wants and ills were known;
But there they dwelt as if the world were all their own.

15.

Obedience in its laws that takes delight
Was theirs; simplicity that knows no art;
Love, friendship, grateful duty in its height;
Meekness and truth, that keep all strife apart,
And faith and hope which elevate the heart
Upon its heavenly heritage intent.
Poor, erring, self-tormentor that thou art;
O Man! and on thine own undoing bent,
Wherewith canst thou be blest, if not with these content?

16.

Mild pupils, in submission's perfect school,
Two thousand souls were gather'd here, and here
Beneath the Jesuit's all-embracing rule
They dwelt, obeying him with love sincere,
That never knew distrust, nor felt a fear,
Nor anxious thought, which wears the heart away.
Sacred to them their laws, their Ruler dear;
Humbler or happier none could be than they
Who knew it for their good in all things to obey.

17.

The Patron Saint, from whom their town was named,
Was that St. Joachin, who, legends say,
Unto the Saints in Limbo first proclaim'd
The Advent. Being permitted, on the day
That Death enlarged him from this mortal clay,
His daughter's high election to behold,
Thither his soul, glad herald, wing'd its way,
And to the Prophets and the Patriarchs old
The tidings of great joy and near deliverance told.

18.

There on the altar was his image set,
The lamp before it burning night and day,
And there was incensed, when his votaries met
Before the sacred shrine, their beads to say,
And for his fancied intercession pray,
Devoutly as in faith they bent the knee.
Such adoration they were taught to pay.
Good man, how little had he ween'd that he
Should thus obtain a place in Rome's idolatry!

19.

But chiefly there the Mother of our Lord,
His blessed daughter, by the multitude
Was for their special patroness adored.
Amid the square on high her image stood,
Clasping the Babe in her beatitude,
The Babe divine on whom she fix'd her sight;
And in their hearts, albe the work was rude,
It raised the thought of all-commanding might,
Combined with boundless love and mercy infinite.

20.

To this great family the Jesuit brought
His new-found children now; for young and old
He deem'd alike his children while he wrought
For their salvation, ... seeking to unfold
The saving mysteries in the creed enroll'd,
To their slow minds, that could but ill conceive
The import of the mighty truths he told.
But errors they have none to which they cleave,
And whatsoe'er he tells they willingly believe.

21.

Safe from that pride of ignorance were they
That with small knowledge thinks itself full wise.
How at believing aught should these delay,
When every where new objects met their eyes
To fill the soul with wonder and surprize?
Not of itself, but by temptation bred,
In man doth impious unbelief arise;
It is our instinct to believe and dread,
God bids us love, and then our faith is perfected.

22.

Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,
Like children, unto all the teacher taught
Submissively an easy ear they lend:
And to the font at once he might have brought
These converts, if the Father had not thought
Theirs was a case for wise and safe delay,
Lest lightly learnt might lightly be forgot;
And meanwhile due instruction day by day
Would to their opening minds the sense of truth convey.

23.

Of this they reck'd not whether soon or late;
For overpowering wonderment possest
Their faculties; and in this new estate
Strange sights and sounds and thoughts well nigh opprest
Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the breast
Resenting less of pleasure than of pain;
And sleep afforded them no natural rest,
But in their dreams, a mixed disordered train,
The busy scenes of day disturb'd their hearts again.

24.

Even when the spirit to that secret wood
Return'd, slow Mondai's silent stream beside,
No longer there it found the solitude
Which late it left: strange faces were descried,
Voices, and sounds of music far and wide,
And buildings seem'd to tower amid the trees,
And forms of men and beasts on every side,
As ever-wakeful fancy hears and sees,
All things that it had heard, and seen, and more
than these.

25.

For in their sleep strange forms deform'd they saw
Of frightful fiends, their ghostly enemies:
And souls who must abide the rigorous law
Weltering in fire, and there, with dolorous cries
Blaspheming roll around their hopeless eyes;
And those who doom'd a shorter term to bear
In penal flames, look upward to the skies,
Seeking and finding consolation there,
And feel, like dew from Heaven, the precious aid
of prayer.

26.

And Angels who around their glorious Queen
In adoration bent their heads abased;
And infant faces in their dreams were seen
Hovering on cherub wings; and Spirits placed
To be their guards invisible, who chased
With fiery arms their fiendish foes away:
Such visions overheated fancy traced,
Peopling the night with a confused array
That made its hours of rest more restless than the day.

27.

To all who from an old erratic course
Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,
The change was perilous. They felt the force
Of habit, when till then in forests bred,
A thick perpetüal umbrage overhead,
They came to dwell in open light and air.
This ill the Fathers long had learnt to dread,
And still devised such means as might prepare
The new-reclaim'd unhurt this total change to bear.

28.

All thoughts and occupations to commute,
To change their air, their water, and their food,
And those old habits suddenly uproot
Conform'd to which the vital powers pursued
Their functions, such mutation is too rude
For man's fine frame unshaken to sustain.
And these poor children of the solitude
Began ere long to pay the bitter pain
That their new way of life brought with it in its train.

29.

On Monnema the apprehended ill
Came first; the matron sunk beneath the weight
Of a strong malady, whose force no skill
In healing, might avert, or mitigate.
Yet happy in her children's safe estate
Her thankfulness for them she still exprest;
And yielding then complacently to fate,
With Christian rites her passing hour was blest,
And with a Christian's hope she was consign'd to rest.

30.

They laid her in the Garden of the Dead.
Such as a Christian burial-place should be
Was that fair spot, where every grave was spread
With flowers, and not a weed to spring was free;
But the pure blossoms of the orange tree
Dropt like a shower of fragrance, on the bier;
And palms, the type of immortality,
Planted in stately colonnades, appear,
That all was verdant there throughout the unvarying year.

31.

Nor ever did irreverent feet intrude
Within that sacred spot; nor sound of mirth,
Unseemly there, profane the solitude,
Where solemnly committed earth to earth,
Waiting the summons for their second birth,
Whole generations in Death's peaceful fold
Collected lay; green innocence, ripe worth,
Youth full of hope, and age whose days were told,
Compress'd alike into that mass of mortal mould.

32.

Mortal, and yet at the Archangel's voice
To put on immortality. That call
Shall one day make the sentient dust rejoice;
These bodies then shall rise and cast off all
Corruption, with whate'er of earthly thrall
Had clogg'd the heavenly image, then set free.
How then should Death a Christian's heart appal?
Lo, Heaven for you is open; ... enter ye
Children of God, and heirs of his eternity!

33.

This hope supported Mooma, hand in hand
When with Yeruti at the grave she stood.
Less even now of death they understand
Than of the joys eternal that ensued;
The bliss of infinite beatitude
To them had been their teacher's favourite theme,
Wherewith their hearts so fully were imbūed,
That it the sole reality might seem,
Life, death, and all things else, a shadow or a dream.

34.

Yea, so possest with that best hope were they,
That if the heavens had opened overhead,
And the Archangel with his trump that day
To judgement had convoked the quick and dead,
They would have heard the summons not with dread,
But in the joy of faith that knows no fear:
Come Lord! come quickly! would this pair have said,
And thou O Queen of men and Angels dear,
Lift us whom thou hast loved into thy happy sphere!

35.

They wept not at the grave, tho' overwrought
With feelings there as if the heart would break.
Some haply might have deem'd they suffered not;
Yet they who look'd upon that Maiden meek
Might see what deep emotion blanched her cheek.
An inward light there was which fill'd her eyes,
And told, more forcibly than words could speak,
That this disruption of her earliest ties
Had shaken mind and frame in all their faculties.

36.

It was not passion only that disturb'd
Her gentle nature thus; it was not grief;
Nor human feeling by the effort curb'd
Of some misdeeming duty, when relief
Were surely to be found, albeit brief,
If sorrow at its springs might freely flow;
Nor yet repining, stronger than belief
In its first force, that shook the Maiden so,
Tho' these alone might that frail fabric overthrow.

37.

The seeds of death were in her at that hour.
Soon was their quickening and their growth display'd:
Thenceforth she droop'd and withered like a flower,
Which when it flourished in its native shade
Some child to his own garden hath convey'd,
And planted in the sun, to pine away.
Thus was the gentle Mooma seen to fade,
Not under sharp disease, but day by day
Losing the powers of life in visible decay.

38.

The sunny hue that tinged her cheek was gone,
A deathy paleness settled in its stead;
The light of joy which in her eyes had shone,
Now like a lamp that is no longer fed
Grew dim: but when she raised her heavy head
Some proffered help of kindness to partake,
Those feeble eyes a languid lustre shed,
And her sad smile of thankfulness would wake
Grief even in callous hearts for that sweet sufferer's sake.

39.

How had Yeruti borne to see her fade?
But he was spared the lamentable sight,
Himself upon the bed of sickness laid.
Joy of his heart, and of his eyes the light
Had Mooma been to him, his soul's delight,
On whom his mind for ever was intent,
His darling thought by day, his dream by night,
The playmate of his youth in mercy sent,
With whom his life had past in peacefullest content.

40.

Well was it for the youth, and well for her,
As there in placid helplessness she lay,
He was not present with his love to stir
Emotions that might shake her feeble clay,
And rouse up in her heart a strong array
Of feelings, hurtful only when they bind
To earth the soul that soon must pass away.
But this was spared them; and no pain of mind
To trouble her had she, instinctively resigned.

41.

Nor was there wanting to the sufferers aught
Of careful kindness to alleviate
The affliction; for the universal thought
In that poor town was of their sad estate,
And what might best relieve or mitigate
Their case, what help of nature or of art;
And many were the prayers compassionate
That the good Saints their healing would impart,
Breathed in that maid's behalf from many a tender heart.

42.

And vows were made for her, if vows might save;
She for herself the while preferr'd no prayer;
For when she stood beside her Mother's grave,
Her earthly hopes and thoughts had ended there.
Her only longing now was, free as air,
From this obstructive flesh to take her flight
For Paradise, and seek her Mother there,
And then regaining her beloved sight
Rest in the eternal sense of undisturb'd delight.

43.

Her heart was there, and there she felt and knew
That soon full surely should her spirit be.
And who can tell what foretastes might ensue
To one, whose soul, from all earth's thraldom free,
Was waiting thus for immortality?
Sometimes she spake with short and hurried breath
As if some happy sight she seem'd to see,
While in the fulness of a perfect faith
Even with a lover's hope she lay and look'd for death.

44.

I said that for herself the patient maid
Preferr'd no prayer; but oft her feeble tongue
And feebler breath a voice of praise essay'd;
And duly when the vesper bell was rung,
Her evening hymn in faint accord she sung
So piously, that they who gathered round
Awe-stricken on her heavenly accents hung,
As tho' they thought it were no mortal sound,
But that the place whereon they stood was holy ground.

45.

At such an hour when Dobrizhoffer stood
Beside her bed, oh how unlike, he thought
This voice to that which ringing thro' the wood
Had led him to the secret bower he sought!
And was it then for this that he had brought
That harmless household from their native shade?
Death had already been the mother's lot;
And this fair Mooma, was she form'd to fade
So soon, ... so soon must she in earth's cold lap be laid?

46.

Yet he had no misgiving at the sight;
And wherefore should he? he had acted well,
And deeming of the ways of God aright,
Knew that to such as these, whate'er befell
Must needs for them be best. But who could dwell
Unmoved upon the fate of one so young,
So blithesome late? What marvel if tears fell,
From that good man as over her he hung,
And that the prayers he said came faltering from his tongue!

47.

She saw him weep, and she could understand
The cause thus tremulously that made him speak.
By his emotion moved she took his hand;
A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid cheek
Past, while she look'd at him with meaning meek,
And for a little while, as loth to part,
Detaining him, her fingers lank and weak,
Play'd with their hold; then letting him depart
She gave him a slow smile that touch'd him to the heart.

48.

Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give
That should detain her ready spirit here?
Thinkest thou that it were worth a wish to live,
Could wishes hold her from her proper sphere?
That simple heart, that innocence sincere
The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er could be
For the great change; and now that change is near,
Oh who would keep her soul from being free?
Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best for thee!

49.

She hath past away, and on her lips a smile
Hath settled, fix'd in death. Judged they aright,
Or suffered they their fancy to beguile
The reason, who believed that she had sight
Of Heaven before her spirit took its flight;
That Angels waited round her lowly bed;
And that in that last effort of delight,
When lifting up her dying arms, she said,
I come! a ray from Heaven upon her face was shed?

50.

St. Joachin's had never seen a day
Of such profuse and general grief before,
As when with tapers, dirge, and long array
The Maiden's body to the grave they bore.
All eyes, all hearts, her early death deplore;
Yet wondering at the fortune they lament,
They the wise ways of Providence adore,
By whom the Pastor surely had been sent
When to the Mondai woods upon his quest he went.

51.

This was, indeed, a chosen family,
For Heaven's especial favour mark'd, they said;
Shut out from all mankind they seem'd to be,
Yet mercifully there were visited,
That so within the fold they might be led,
Then call'd away to bliss. Already two
In their baptismal innocence were dead;
The third was on the bed of death they knew,
And in the appointed course must presently ensue.

52.

They marvell'd, therefore, when the youth once more
Rose from his bed and walk'd abroad again;
Severe had been the malady, and sore
The trial, while life struggled to maintain
Its seat against the sharp assaults of pain:
But life in him was vigorous; long he lay
Ere it could its ascendancy regain:
Then when the natural powers resumed their sway
All trace of late disease past rapidly away.

53.

The first enquiry when his mind was free,
Was for his sister. She was gone, they said,
Gone to her Mother, evermore to be
With her in Heaven. At this no tears he shed
Nor was he seen to sorrow for the dead;
But took the fatal tidings in such part
As if a dull unfeeling nature bred
His unconcern; for hard would seem the heart
To which a loss like his no suffering could impart.

54.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgement upon that which seems!
Waters that babble on their way proclaim
A shallowness: but in their strength deep streams
Flow silently. Of death Yeruti deems
Not as an ill, but as the last great good,
Compared with which all other he esteems
Transient and void: how then should thought intrude
Of sorrow in his heart for their beatitude?

55.

While dwelling in their sylvan solitude
Less had Yeruti learnt to entertain
A sense of age than death. He understood
Something of death from creatures he had slain;
But here the ills which follow in the train
Of age, had first to him been manifest, ...
The shrunken form, the limbs that move with pain,
The failing sense, infirmity, unrest, ...
That in his heart he said to die betimes was best.

56.

Nor had he lost the dead: they were but gone
Before him, whither he should shortly go.
Their robes of glory they had first put on;
He, cumbered with mortality, below
Must yet abide awhile, content to know
He should not wait in long expectance here.
What cause then for repining, or for woe?
Soon shall he join them in their heavenly sphere
And often, even now, he knew that they were near.

57.

'Twas but in open day to close his eyes,
And shut out the unprofitable view
Of all this weary world's realities,
And forthwith, even as if they lived anew,
The dead were with him: features, form and hue,
And looks and gestures were restored again:
Their actual presence in his heart he knew;
And when their converse was disturbed, Oh then
How flat and stale it was to mix with living men!

58.

But not the less, whate'er was to be done,
With living men he took his part content,
At loom, in garden, or a-field, as one
Whose spirit wholly on obedience bent,
To every task its prompt attention lent.
Alert in labour he among the best;
And when to church the congregation went,
None more exact than he to cross his breast,
And kneel, or rise, and do in all things like the rest.

59.

Cheerful he was, almost like one elate
With wine, before it hath disturb'd his power
Of reason. Yet he seem'd to feel the weight
Of time; for alway when from yonder tower
He heard the clock tell out the passing hour,
The sound appeared to give him some delight:
And when the evening shades began to lower,
Then was he seen to watch the fading light
As if his heart rejoiced at the return of night.

60.

The old man to whom he had been given in care,
To Dobrizhoffer came one day and said,
The trouble which our youth was thought to bear
With such indifference, hath deranged his head.
He says that he is nightly visited.
His Mother and his Sister come and say
That he must give this message from the dead
Not to defer his baptism, and delay
A soul upon the earth which should no longer stay.

61.

A dream the Jesuit deem'd it; a deceit
Upon itself by feverish fancy wrought;
A mere delusion which it were not meet
To censure, lest the youth's distempered thought
Might thereby be to farther error brought;
But he himself its vanity would find, ...
They argued thus, ... if it were noticed not.
His baptism was in fitting time design'd
The Father said, and then dismiss'd it from his mind.

62.

But the old Indian came again ere long
With the same tale, and freely then confest
His doubt that he had done Yeruti wrong;
For something more than common seem'd imprest;
And now he thought that certes it were best
From the youth's lips his own account to hear,
Haply the Father then to his request
Might yield, regarding his desire sincere,
Nor wait for farther time if there were aught to fear.

63.

Considerately the Jesuit heard and bade
The youth be called. Yeruti told his tale.
Nightly these blessed spirits came, he said,
To warn him he must come within the pale
Of Christ without delay; nor must he fail
This warning to their Pastor to repeat,
Till the renewed intreaty should prevail.
Life's business then for him would be complete,
And 'twas to tell him this they left their starry seat.

64.

Came they to him in dreams?... He could not tell.
Sleeping or waking now small difference made;
For even while he slept he knew full well
That his dear Mother and that darling Maid
Both in the Garden of the Dead were laid:
And yet he saw them as in life, the same,
Save only that in radiant robes arrayed,
And round about their presence when they came
There shone an effluent light as of a harmless flame.

65.

And where he was he knew, the time, the place,...
All circumstantial things to him were clear.
His own heart undisturb'd. His Mother's face
How could he chuse but know; or knowing, fear
Her presence and that Maid's, to him more dear
Than all that had been left him now below?
Their love had drawn them from their happy sphere;
That dearest love unchanged they came to show;
And he must be baptized, and then he too might go.

66.

With searching ken the Jesuit while he spake
Perused him, if in countenance or tone
Aught might be found appearing to partake
Of madness. Mark of passion there was none;
None of derangement: in his eye alone,
As from a hidden fountain emanate,
Something of an unusual brightness shone:
But neither word nor look betrayed a state
Of wandering, and his speech, though earnest, was sedate.

67.

Regular his pulse, from all disorder free;
The vital powers perform'd their part assign'd;
And to whate'er was ask'd, collectedly
He answer'd. Nothing troubled him in mind;
Why should it? Were not all around him kind?
Did not all love him with a love sincere,
And seem in serving him a joy to find?
He had no want, no pain, no grief, no fear:
But he must be baptized; he could not tarry here.

68.

Thy will be done, Father in heaven who art!
The Pastor said, nor longer now denied;
But with a weight of awe upon his heart
Entered the Church, and there the font beside,
With holy water, chrism and salt applied,
Perform'd in all solemnity the rite.
His feeling was that hour with fear allied;
Yeruti's was a sense of pure delight,
And while he knelt his eyes seem'd larger and more bright.

69.

His wish hath been obtain'd, and this being done
His soul was to its full desire content.
The day in its accustomed course past on:
The Indian mark'd him ere to rest he went,
How o'er his beads, as he was wont, he bent,
And then, like one who casts all care aside,
Lay down. The old man fear'd no ill event,
When, "Ye are come for me!" Yeruti cried;
"Yes, I am ready now!" and instantly he died.

NOTES.

NOTES.

So he forsooth a shapely boot must wear.

Proem, p. 15.

His leg had been set by the French after their conquest of Pamplona, and re-set after his removal to his father's house. The latter operation is described as having been most severe, but borne by him in his wonted manner without any manifestation of suffering. For some time his life was despaired of. "When the danger of death was past, and the bones were knit and becoming firm, two inconveniences remained: one occasioned by a portion of bone below the knee, which projected so as to occasion some deformity; the other was a contraction of the leg, which prevented him from walking erect or standing firmly on his feet. Now as he was very solicitous about his appearance, and intended at that time to follow the course of a military life which he had begun, he enquired of his medical attendants in the first place whether the bone could be removed which stood out in so unsightly a manner. They answered that it was possible to remove it, but the operation would be exceedingly painful, much more so

than any which he had before undergone. He nevertheless directed them to cut it out, that he might have his will, and (as he himself related in my hearing, says Ribadeneira,) that he might wear fashionable and well-fitting boots. Nor could he be dissuaded from this determination. He would not consent to be bound during the operation, and went through it with the same firmness of mind which he had manifested in the former operations. By this means the deformity of the bone was removed. The contraction of the leg was in some degree relieved by other applications, and especially by certain machines, with which during many days, and with great and continual pain, it was stretched; nevertheless it could not be so extended, but that it always remained something shorter than the other." — *Ribadeneira, Vita S. Ignatii Loyolæ, Acta SS. Jul.* t. 7. p. 659.

A close fitting boot seems to have been as fashionable at one time as close fitting *innominables* of buckskin were about the year 1790: and perhaps it was as severe an operation to get into them for the first time. "The greasy shoemaker," says Tom Nash, "with his squirrel's skin, and a whole stall of ware upon his arm enters, and wrencheth his legs for an hour together, and after shows his tally. By St. Loy that draws deep." — *Nash's Lenten Stuff. Harl. Miscel.* vol. ii. p. 289. 8vo edition.

The operation of fitting a Spanish dandy with short laced quarter boots is thus minutely described by Juan de Zavaleta, who was historiographer at the commencement of Carlos the Second's reign.

Entra el zapatero oliendo á cansado. Saca de las hormas los zapatos, con tanta dificultad como si desollara las hormas. Sientase en una silla el galan; hincase el zapatero de rodillas, apoderase de una pierna con tantos tirones y desagrados, como si le embiaran á que le diera tormento. Mete un calzador en el talon del zapato, encapillale otro en la punta del pie, y luego empieza á guiar el zapato por encima del calzador. Apenas ha caminado poco mas que los dedos del pie, quando es menester arrastrarle con unas tenazas, y aun arrastrado se resiste. Ponese en pie el paciente fatigado, pero contento de que los zapatos le vengan angostos; y de orden del zapatero da tres ó quatro patadas en el suelo, con tanta fuerza, que pues no se quiebra, deve de ser de bronze.

Acozeados dan de si el cordovan y la suela; pellejos en fin de animales, que obedecen á golpes. Buelvese á sentar el tal senor, dobla ázia fuera el copete del zapato, cogele con la boca de las tenazas, hinca el oficial junto á el entrambas rodillas, afirmase en el suelo con la mano izquierda, y puesto de bruzas sobre el pie, hecho arco los dos dedos de la mano derecha que forman el jeme, va con ellos ayudando á llevar por el empeine arriba el cordovan, de quien tira con las tenazas su dueno. Buelve á ponerse en una rodilla, como primero estava; empuna con la una mano la punta del pie, y con la palma de la otra da sobre su mano tan grandes golpes como si los diera con una pala de jugar á la pelota; que es la necessidad tan discreta, que se haze el pobre el mal á si mismo, por no hazersele á aquel de quien necessita.

Ajustada ya la punta del pie, acude al talon; humedece con la lengua los remates de las costiuras, porque no falseen las costuras de secas por los remates. Tremenda vanidad, sufrir en sus pies un hombre la boca de otro hombre, solo por tener aliñados los pies! Desdobla el zapatero el talon, dase una buelta con el calzador á la mano, y empieza á encaxar en el pie la segunda porcion del zapato. Manda que se baxe la punta, y hazese lo que manda. Llama ázia á si el zapato con tal fuerza, que entre su cuerpo y el espaldar de la silla abrevia torpe y desaliñadamente al que calza. Dizele luego que haga talon, y el hombre obedece como un esclavo. Ordenale despues que de en el suelo una patada, y el da la patada, como se le ordena. Buelve á sentarse; saca el cruel ministro el calzador del empeine, y por donde salió el calzador mete un palo, que llaman costa, y contra el buelve y rebuelve el sacabocados, que saca los bocados del cordovan, para que entren las cintas; y dexa en el empeine del pie un dolor, y unas senales, como si huviera sacado de allí los bocados. Agujerea las orejas, passa la cinta con una aguja, lleva las orejas á que cierren el zapato, ajustalos, y da luego con tanta fuerza el nudo, que si pudieran ahogar á un hombre por la garganta del pie, le ahogara. Haze la rosa despues con mas cuydado que gracia. Buelve á devanarse á la mano el calzador, que esta colgando del talon; tira del como quien retoca, da con la otra mano palmadas en la planta, como quien assienta, y saca el calzador, echandose todo ázia atras. Pone el galan el pie en el suelo, y quedase mirandole. Levantase el zapatero, arrasa con el dedo el sudor de la frente, y queda respirando como si huviera cor-

rido. Todo esto se ahorrava con hazerse el zapato un poco mayor que el pie. Padecen luego entrambos otro tanto con el pie segundo. Llega el ultimo y fiero trance de darle el dinero. Recoge el oficial sus baratijas. Recibe su estipendio, sale por la puerta de la sala mirando si es buena la plata que le han dado, dexando á su dueno de movimientos tan torpes como si le huviera echado unos grillos.

Si pensaran los que se calzan apretado que se achican el pie. Si lo piensan se engañan. Los huessos no se pueden meter unos en otros: con esto es fuerza que si le quitan de lo largo al zapato, se doble el pie por las coyunturas, y crezca ázia arriba lo que le menguan de adelante. Si le estrechan lo ancho, es preciso que se alargue aquella carne oprimida. Con la misma cantidad de pie que se tenian, se quedan los que calzan sisado. Lo que hazen es atormentarse, y dexar los pies de peor hechura. El animal á quien mas largos pies diò la naturaleza segun su cantidad, es el hombre; porque, como ha de andar todo el cuerpo sobre ellos, y no son mas de dos, quiso que anduviesse seguro. El que se los quiere abreviar, gana parece que tiene de caer, y de caer en los vicios, donde se hará mayor mal, que en las piedras. La parte que le puso Dios al hombre en la fabrica de su cuerpo mas cerca de la tierra, son los pies: quiso sin duda que fuera la parte mas humilde de su fabrica: pero los galanes viciosos les quitan la humildad con los dños, y los ensobervecen con el cuydado. Enfada esto á Dios tanto, que aviendo de hazer al hombre animal que pisasse la tierra, hizo la tierra de tal calidad, que se pudiesse imprimir en ella la huella del hombre. Abierta dexa su sepultura el pie

que se levanta, y parece que se levanta de la sepultura. Tremenda crueldad es enloquecer con el adorno al que se quiere tragar la tierra á cada passo. — El dia de Fiesta. Obras de D. Juan de Zavaleta, p. 179—180.

" In comes the shoemaker in the odour of haste and fatigue. He takes the shoes off the last with as much difficulty as if he were skinning the lasts. The gallant seats himself upon a chair; the shoemaker kneels down, and takes possession of one foot, which he handles as if he were sent there to administer the torture. He puts one shooing skin * in the heel of the shoe, fits the other upon the point of the foot, and then begins to guide the shoe over the shoeing skin. Scarcely has it got farther than the toes when it is found necessary to draw it on with pincers, and even then it is hard work. The patient stands up, fatigued with the operation, but well pleased that the shoes are tight; and by the shoemaker's directions he stamps three or four times on the floor, with such force that it must be of iron if it does not give way.

" The cordovan and the soles being thus beaten, submit; they are the skins of animals who obey blows. Our gallant returns to his seat, he turns up the upperleather of the shoe, and lays hold on it with the pincers; the tradesman kneels close by him on both knees, rests on the ground with his left hand, and bending in this all-four's

* A piece of hare-skin is used in Spain for this purpose, as it appears by the former extract from Tom Nash that squirrel-skin was in England.

position over the foot, making an arch with those fingers of the right hand which form the span, assists in drawing on the upper part of the cordovan, the gallant pulling the while with the pincers. He then puts himself on one knee, lays hold of the end of the foot with one hand, and with the palm of the other strikes his own hand, as hard as if he were striking a ball with a racket. For necessity is so discreet that the poor man inflicts this pain upon himself that he may give none to the person of whose custom he stands in need.

" The end of the foot being thus adjusted he repairs to the heel, and with his tongue moistens the end of the seams, that they may not give way for being dry. Tremendous vanity, that one man should allow the mouth of another to be applied to his feet that he may have them trimly set out! The shoemaker unfolds the heel, turns round with the shoeing skin in his hand, and begins to fit the second part of the shoe upon the foot. He desires the gallant to put the end of the foot down, and the gallant does as he is desired. He draws the shoe towards him with such force that the person who is thus being shoed is compressed in an unseemly manner between the shoemaker's body and the back of the chair. Presently he tells him to put his heel down, and the man is as obedient as a slave. He orders him then to stamp upon the ground, and the man stamps as he is ordered. The gallant then seats himself again; the cruel operator draws the shoeing skin from the instep, and in its place drives in

a stick which they call *costa*.* He then turns upon it the punch, which makes the holes in the leather, through which the ribbons are to pass; he again twists round his hand the strip of hare-skin which hangs from the heel, and pulls it as if he were ringing a bell, and leaves upon the upper part of the top a pain and marks as if he had punched the holes in it. He bores the ears, passes the string through with a bodkin, brings the ears together that they may fasten the shoe, fits them to their intended place, and ties the knot with such force, that if it were possible to strangle a man by the neck of his foot, strangled the gallant would be. Then he makes the rose, with more care than grace. He goes then to take out the shoeing skin which is still hanging from the heel; he lays hold of this, strikes the sole of the foot with his other hand as if settling it, and draws out the skin, bringing out all with it. The gallant puts his foot to the ground, and remains looking at it. The shoemaker rises, wipes the sweat from his forehead with his fingers, and draws his breath like one who has been running. All this trouble might have been saved by making the shoe a little larger than the foot. Presently both have to go through the same pains with the other foot. Now comes the last and terrible act of payment. The tradesman collects his tools, receives his money, and goes out at the door, looking at

* Which is used to drive in upon the last to raise a shoe higher in the instep.

the silver to see if it is good, and leaving the gallant walking as much at his ease as if he had been put in fetters.

" If they who wear tight shoes think that thereby they can lessen the size of their feet, they are mistaken. The bones cannot be squeezed one into another; if therefore the shoe is made short, the foot must be crooked at the joints, and grow upward if it is not allowed to grow forward. If it is pinched in the breadth, the flesh which is thus constrained must extend itself in length. They who are shod thus miserably remain with just the same quantity of foot.

" Of all animals, man is the one to which, in proportion to its size, nature has given the largest feet; because as his whole body is to be supported upon them, and he has only two, she chose that he should walk in safety. He who wishes to abbreviate them acts as if he were inclined to fall, and to fall into vices which will do him more injury than if he fell upon stones. The feet are the part which in the fabric of the human body are placed nearest to the earth; they are meant therefore to be the humblest part of his frame, but gallants take away all humility by adorning and setting them forth in bravery. This so displeases the Creator, that having to make man an animal who should walk upon the earth, he made the earth of such properties, that the footsteps should sink into it. The foot which is lifted from the ground, leaves its own grave open, and seems as if it rose from the grave. What a tremendous thing is it then to set off with adornments that which the earth wishes to devour at every step!"

Whiling with books the tedious hours away.

Proem, p. 15.

Vede quanto importa a liçaõ de bons livros! Se o livro fora de cavallerias, sahiria Ignacio hum grande cavalleyro; foy hum livro de vidas de Santos, sahio hum grande Santo. Se lera cavallerias, sahiria Ignacio hum Cavelleyro da ardente espada; leo vidas de Santos sahio hum Santo da ardente tocha. — Vieyra, Sermam de S. Ignacio, t. i. 368.

See, says Vieyra, the importance of reading good books. If it had been a book of knight errantry, Ignacio would have become a great knight errant; it was the Lives of the Saints, and Ignatius became a great saint. If he had read about knights, he might have proved a Knight of the Burning Sword: he read about saints, and proved a saint of the burning torch.

Nothing could seem more probable than that Cervantes had this part of Loyola's history in his mind when he described the rise of Don Quixote's madness, if Cervantes had not shown himself in one of his dramas to be thoroughly imbued with the pestilent superstition of his country. *El dichoso Rufian* is one of those monstrous compositions which nothing but the anti-christian fables of the Romish church could have produced.

Landor, however, supposes that Cervantes intended to satirize a favourite dogma of the Spaniards. The passage occurs in his thirteenth conversation.

"The most dexterous attack ever made against the worship among catholics, which opens so many sidechapels to pilfering and imposture, is that of Cervantes.

" *Leopold.* I do not remember in what part.

" *President.* Throughout Don Quixote. Dulcinea was the peerless, the immaculate, and death was denounced against all who hesitated to admit the assertion of her perfections. Surely your highness never could have imagined that Cervantes was such a knight errant as to attack knight errantry, a folly that had ceased more than a century, if indeed it was any folly at all; and the idea that he ridiculed the poems and romances founded on it, is not less improbable, for they contained all the literature of the nation, excepting the garniture of chapterhouses, theology, and pervaded, as with a thread of gold, the beautiful histories of this illustrious people. He delighted the idlers of romance by the jokes he scattered amongst them on the false taste of his predecessors and of his rivals; and he delighted his own heart by this solitary archery; well knowing what amusement those who came another day would find in picking up his arrows and discovering the bull's-eye hits.

" Charles V. was the knight of La Mancha, devoting his labours and vigils, his wars and treaties, to the chimerical idea of making all minds, like watches, turn their indexes, by a simultaneous movement to one point. Sancho Panza was the symbol of the people, possessing sound sense in all other matters, but ready to follow the most extravagant visionary in this, and combining implicit belief in it, with the grossest sensuality. For religion, when it is hot enough to produce enthusiasm, burns up and kills

every seed entrusted to its bosom." — *Imaginary Conversations*, vol. i. 187.

Benedetto di Virgilio, the Italian ploughman, thus describes the course of Loyola's reading, in his heroic poem upon that Saint's life.

Mentre le vote indebolite vene
Stass' egli rinforzando à poco à poco
Dentro i paterni tetti, e si trattiene
Or sù la ricca zambra, or presso al foco,
For' del costume suo, pensier gli viene
Di legger libri più che d'altro gioco;
Quant' era dianzi innamorato, e d'armi
Tant' or, mutando stile, inchina à i carmi.

Quinci comanda, che i volumi ornati
D'alti concetti, e di leggiadra rima,
Dentro la stanza sua vengan portati,
Che passar con lor versi il tempo stima:
Cercan ben tosto i paggi in tutti i lati
Ove posar solean tai libri prima,
Ma nè per questa parte, nè per quella
Ponno istoria trovar vecchia, o novella.

I volumi vergati in dolci canti
S'ascondon si, che nulla il cercar giova:
Ma pur cercando i più secreti canti
Per gran fortuna un tomo ecco si trova,
Tomo divin, che le vite de' Santi
Conserva, e de la etade prisca e nova,

Onde per far la brama sua contenta
Tal opra un fido servo à lui presenta.

Il volume, che spiega in ogni parte
De guerrieri del ciel l'opre famose,
Fa ch' Ignatio s'accenda à seguir l'arte
Che à soffrir tanto i sacri Eroi dispose;
Egli già sprezza di Bellona e Marte
Gli studi, che à seguir prima si pose,
E s' accinge à troncar maggior d' Alcide,
L'Hidra del vicio, e le sue teste infide.

Tutto giocondo à contemplar s'appiglia
Si degni fogli, e da principio al fine ;
Qui ritrova di Dio l'ampia famiglia,
Spirti beati ed alme peregrine :
Tra gli altri osserva con sua meraviglia
Il pio Gusman, che colse da le spine
Rose celesti de la terra santa,
Onde del buon Gieso nacque la pianta.

Contempla dopo il Serafico Magno
Fondator de le bigge immense squadre ;
La divina virtu, l'alto guadagno
De l'opre lor mirabili e leggiadre :
Rimira il Padoan di lui compagno,
Che liberò da indegna morte il padre,
E per provar di quella causa il torto,
Vivo fè da la tomba uscire il morto.

Quinci ritrova il Celestin, che spande
Trionfante bandiera alla campagna,
De l'egregie virtù sue memorande
Con Italia s'ingemma e Francia e Spagna:
Ornati i figli suoi d'opre ammirande
Son per l'Africa sparti, e per Lamagna,
E in parti infide al Ciel per lor si vede
Nascer la Chiesa, e pullular la fede.

Quivi s'avisa, come il buon Norcino
Inclito Capitan del Rè superno,
Un giorno guereggiando sù 'l Casino
Gl'Idoli fracassò, vinse l'Inferno,
E con aita del motor divino
Guastò tempio sacrato al cieco Averno,
Por di novo l'eresse à l'alta prole
Divino essempio de l'eterno Sole.

Legge come Brunone al divin Regge
Accolse al Rè del Ciel cigni felici,
E dando ordine lor, regola e legge
Gl' imparò calpestare aspre pendici;
E quelle de le donne anco vi legge,
Che qui di ricche diventar mendici
Per trovar poi sù le sedi superne
Lor doti incorruttibili ed eterne.

Chiara tra l'altre nota e Caterina,
Che per esser di Dio fedele amante,

Fù intrepida à i tormenti: e la Regina
Di Siena, e seco le compagne tante:
Orsola con la schiera peregrina,
Monache sacre, verginelle sante,
Che sprezzanda del mondo il vano rito,
Elessero Giesù lor gran marito.

E tra i Romiti mira Ilarione,
E di Vienna quel si franco e forte
Che debellò la furie, e 'l gran Campione
Ch' appo il Natal di Christo hebbe la morte;
Risguarda quel del primo Confalone,
Che del Ciel guarda le superne porte;
E gli undeci compagni, e come luce
Il divo Agnello di lor capo e Duce.

Mentre in questo penetra e meglio intende
D'Eroi si gloriosi il nobil vanto,
Aura immortal del Ciel sovra lui scende,
Aura immortal di spirto divo e santo:
Gia gli sgombra gli errori e giù gli accende
In guisa il cor, che distilla in pianto;
Lagrime versa, e le lagrime sparte
Bagnan del libro le vergate carte.

Qual duro ghiaccio sovra i monti alpini
Da la virtù del sole intenerito,
Suol liquefarsi, e di bei cristallini
Rivi l'herbe inaffiar del suol fiorito;

Tal da la forza degli ardor divini
Del Giovanetto molle il cor ferito,
Hor si discioglie in tepidi liquori,
E rigan del bel volto i vagli fiori

Com' altri nel cristallo, o nel diamante
Specchiarsi stuol, tal ei si specchia, e mira
Nel specchio di sua mente, indi l'errante
Vita discerne, onde con duol sospira:
Quinci risolve intrepido e costante
Depor gli orgogli giovanili e l'ira,
Per imitar ne l'opra e ne gli effetti
I celesti guerrier del libro letti.

Ignatio Loiola. Roma, 1647. *Canto* 2.

The Jesuits, however, assure us, that Loyola is *not* the author of their society, and that it is not allowable either to think or say so. *Societas Jesu ut à S. Ignatio de Loiolâ non ducit nomen, ita neque originem primam, et aliud sentire aut loqui, nefas.* (Imago primi Sæculi Soc. Jesu. p. 64.) *Jesus primus ac præcipuus auctor Societatis,* is the title of a chapter in this their secular volume, which is a curious and very beautiful book. Then follows *Beata Virgo nutrix, patrona, imò altera velut auctor Societatis.* Lastly, *Post Christum et Mariam Societatis Auctor et Parens sanctus Ignatius.*

" On the 26th August 1794, the French plundered the rich church of Loyola, at Azpeitia, and proceeding to Elgoibas, loaded five carts with the spoils of the church of

that place. This party of marauders consisted of 200. The peasants collected, fell upon them, and after an obstinate conflict of three hours, recovered the whole booty, which they conveyed to Vittoria in triumph. Among other things, a relic of Loyola was recovered, which was carried in procession to the church, the victorious peasants accompanying it." — *Marcillac, Hist. de la Guerre de l'Espagne*, p. 86.

Vaccination. — Canto I. st. 1.

It is odd that in Hindostan, where it might have been supposed superstition would have facilitated the introduction of this practice, a pious fraud was found necessary for removing the prejudice against it.

Mooperal Streenivaschary, a Brahmin, thus writes to Dr. Anderson at Madras, on vaccine inoculation.

" It might be useful to remove a prejudice in the minds of the people, arising from the term cow-pock, being taken literally in our Tamul tongue; whereas there can be no doubt that it has been a drop of nectar from the exuberant udders of the cows in England, and no way similar to the humour discharged from the tongue and feet of diseased cattle in this country."—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 425.

For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bonds of man.
Canto I. st. 5.

Mackenzie gives a dreadful picture of the effect of small-pox among the North American Indians.

" The small-pox spread its destructive and desolating

power, as the fire consumes the dry grass of the field. The fatal infection spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed with its pestilential breath whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented to those who had the melancholy and afflicting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead, the dying, and such as, to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence.

"The habits and lives of these devoted people, which provided not to-day for the wants of to-morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nought was left them but to submit in agony and despair.

"To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the putrid carcases which the wolves, with a furious voracity, dragged forth from the huts, or which were mangled within them by the dogs, whose hunger was satisfied with the disfigured remains of their masters. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had not reached, to call them around him, to represent the cruel sufferings and horrid fate of their relations, from the influence of some evil spirit, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to incite them to baffle death, with all its horrors, by their own poniards. At the same time, if their hearts failed them in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of

mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affection, and instantly to follow them to the common place of rest and refuge from human evil."

And from the silent door the jaguar turns away.
Canto I. st. 11.

I may be forgiven for not having strictly adhered to natural history in this instance. The liberty which I have taken is mentioned, that it may not be supposed to have arisen from ignorance of this animal's habits.

The jaguar will not attack a living horse if a dead one be near, and when it kills its prey it drags it to its den, but is said not to eat the body till it becomes putrid. They are caught in large traps of the cage kind, baited with stinking meat, and then speared or shot through the bars. The Chalcaquines had a braver way of killing them: they provoked the animal, fronted it, received its attack upon a thick truncheon, which they held by the two ends, threw it down while its teeth were fixed in the wood, and ripped the creature up before it could recover. (*Techo*, p. 29.) A great profit is made by their skins. The jaguar which has once tasted human flesh becomes a most formidable animal; such a beast is called a *tigre cevado*, a fleshed tyger. There was one who infested the road between Santa Fé and Santiago, and killed ten men; after which a party of soldiers were sent to destroy it. The same thing is said of the lion and other beasts of prey, probably with truth; not as is vulgarly supposed, because they have a particular appetite for this kind of food, but because hav-

ing once fed upon man, they from that time regard him like any animal of inferior strength, as their natural prey. "It is a constant observation in Numidia," says Bruce, "that the lion avoids and flies from the face of men, till by some accident they have been brought to engage, and the beast has prevailed against him; then that feeling of superiority, imprinted by the Creator in the heart of all animals, for man's preservation, seems to forsake him. The lion having once tasted human blood, relinquishes the pursuit after the flock. He repairs to some high way or frequented path, and has been known, in the kingdom of Tunis, to interrupt the road to a market for several weeks; and in this he persists, till hunters or soldiers are sent out to destroy him." Dobrizhoffer saw the skin of a jaguar which was as long as the standard hide. He says, also, that he saw one attack two horses which were coupled with a thong, kill one, and drag the other away after it.

A most unpleasant habit of the beast is, that in cold or wet weather he chooses to lodge within doors, and will steal into the house. A girl at Corrientes, who slept with her mother, saw one lying under the bed when she rose in the morning: she had presence of mind to bid her mother lie still, went for help, and soon rid the house of its perilous visitor. Cat-like, the jaguar is a good climber; but Dobrizhoffer tells us how a traveller who takes to one for shelter may profit by the position: *In promptu consilium; urina pro armis est: hac si tigridis ad arboris pedem minitantis oculos conspersoris, salva res est. Quâ datâ portâ*

fuget illico. (i. 280.) He who first did this must have been a good marksman as well as a cool fellow, and it was well for him that he reserved his fire till the jaguar was within shot.

Dobrizhoffer seems to credit an opinion (which is held in India of the tiger also) that the jaguar's claws are in a certain degree venomous; the scar which they leave is said to be always liable to a very painful and burning sense of heat. But that author, in his usual amusing manner, repeats many credulous notions concerning the animal: as that its burnt claws are a remedy for the tooth-ache; and that it has a mode of decoying fish, by standing neck-deep in the water, and spitting out a white foam, which allures them within reach. Techo (30.) says the same thing of a large snake.

An opinion that wounds inflicted by the stroke of animals of this kind are envenomed is found in the East also. Captain Williamson says, "However trivial the scratches made by the claws of tigers may appear, yet, whether it be owing to any noxious quality in the claw itself, to the manner in which the tiger strikes, or any other matter, I have no hesitation in saying, that at least a majority of such as have been under my notice died; and I have generally remarked, that those whose cases appeared the least alarming were most suddenly carried off. I have ever thought the perturbation arising from the nature of the attack to have a considerable share in the fatality alluded to, especially as I never knew any one wounded by a tiger to die without suffering for some days under that most dreadful symptom, a locked jaw! Such as have been wounded to

appearance severely, but accompanied with a moderate hæmorrhage, I have commonly found to recover, excepting in the rainy season: at that period I should expect serious consequences from either a bite or a scratch." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 52.

Wild beasts were so numerous and fierce in one part of Mexico, among the Otomites, that Fr. Juan de Grijalva says in his time, in one year, more than 250 Indians were devoured by them. "There then prevailed an opinion," he proceeds, "and still it prevails among many, that those tigers and lions were certain Indian sorcerers, whom they call Nahuales, who by diabolical art transform themselves into beasts, and tear the Indians in pieces, either to revenge themselves for some offences which they have received, or to do them evil, which is the proper condition of the Devil, and an effect of his fierceness. Some traces of these diabolical acts have been seen in our time, for in the year 1579, the deaths of this kind being many, and the suspicion vehement, some Indians were put to the question, and they confessed the crime, and were executed for it. With all this experience and proof, there are many persons who doubt these transformations, and say that the land being mountainous produces wild beasts, and the beasts being once fleshed commit these great ravages. And it was through the weak understandings of the Indians that they were persuaded to believe their conjurors could thus metamorphose themselves; and if these poor wretches confessed themselves guilty of such a crime, it was owing to their weakness under the torture; and so

they suffered for an offence which they had never committed."

Father Grijalva, however, holds with his Father S. Augustine, who has said concerning such things, *hæc ad nos non quibuscunque qualibus credere putaremus indignum, sed eis referentibus pervenerunt, quos nobis non existimaremus fuisse mentitos.* " In the days of my Father S. Augustine," he says, " wonderful things were related of certain innkeepers in Italy, who transformed passengers into beasts of burden, to bring to their inns straw, barley, and whatever was wanted from the towns, and then metamorphosed them into their own persons, that they might purchase, as customers, the very commodities they had carried. And in our times the witches of Logrono make so many of these transformations, that now no one can doubt them. This matter of the Nahuales, or sorcerers of Tututepec, has been confessed by so many, that that alone suffices to make it credible. The best proof which can be had is, that they were condemned to death by course of justice; and it is temerity to condemn the judges, for it is to be believed that they made all due enquiry. Our brethren who have been ministers there, and are also judges of the interior court (that is of the conscience) have all held these transformations to be certain: so that there ought to be no doubt concerning it. On the contrary, it is useful to understand it, that if at any time in heathen lands the devil should work any of these metamorphoses, the Indians may see we are not surprised at them, and do not hold them as miraculous, but can explain to them the reason and

cause of these effects, which astonish and terrify them so greatly."

He proceeds to show that the devil can only exercise this power as far as he is permitted by God, in punishment for sin, and that the metamorphosis is not real, but only apparent; the sorcerer not being actually transformed into a lion, but seeming as if he were both to himself and others. In what manner he can tear a man really to pieces with imaginary claws, and devour him in earnest with an imaginary mouth, the good friar has not condescended to explain. — *Historia de la Orden de S. Augustin en la Provincia de N. Espana*, pp. 34, 35.

Preserved with horrid art
In ghastly image of humanity. — Canto I. st. 13.

The more ghastly in proportion as more of the appearance of life is preserved in the revolting practice. Such, however, it was not to the feelings of the Egyptians, who had as much pride in a collection of their ancestors, as one of the strongest family feeling could have in a collection of family pictures. The body, Diodorus says, is delivered to the kindred with every member so whole and entire that no part of the body seems to be altered, even to the very hairs of the eyelids and the eyebrows, so that the beauty and shape of the face seems just as before. By which means many of the Egyptians laying up the bodies of their ancestors in stately monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born: so that in

regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies, and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight, even as if they were still living among them. (Book i.)

They believe, says Herodotus (*Euterpe*, § 123.), that on the dissolution of the body the soul immediately enters into some other animal; and that after using as vehicles every species of terrestrial, aquatic, and winged creatures, it finally enters a second time into a human body. They affirm that it undergoes all these changes in the space of three thousand years. This opinion some among the Greeks have at different periods of time adopted as their own, but I shall not, though I could, specify their names.

How little did the Egyptians apprehend that the bodies which they preserved with such care to be ready again for use when the cycle should be fulfilled, would one day be regarded as an article of trade, broken up, exported piecemeal, and administered in grains and scruples as a costly medicine to rich patients. A preference was even given to virgin mummy!

The bodies of the Incas from the founder of the empire were preserved in the Temple of the Sun; they were seated each on his litter, and in such excellent preservation that they seemed to be alive; according to the testimony of P. Acosta and Garcilaso, who saw them and touched them. It is not known in what manner they were prepared, so as to resist the injuries of time. Gomara (c. 195.) says they were embalmed by the juice of

certain fragrant trees, which was poured down their throats, and by unguents of gum. Acosta says that a certain bitumen was used, and that plates of gold were placed instead of eyes, so well fitted that the want of the real eye was not perceived. Garcilaso thought the chief preparation consisted in freezing them with snow. They were buried in one of the courts of the hospital of St. Andres. — *Merc. Peruano*, No. 221.

Hideous exhibitions of this kind are sometimes made in monasteries, where they are in perfect accord with monastic superstition. I remember seeing two human bodies dry and shrivelled, suspended in the *Casa dos Ossos*, at Evora, in a chapel, the walls of which are lined with skulls and bones.

"Among the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularise a convent of Capuchins at a small distance from town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shown, under the fabric, a vault divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, all the Capuchins who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who, even after annihilation, disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that in order to secure the preservation of these bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as to

consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin; when perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit, and placed upright, on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault; the head, the arms, and the feet are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discoloured, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, torn in some places, glued close to the bones. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive, may form an idea of this singular repository of dead friars." — *Sonnini.*

It is not surprising that such practices arise from superstition; but it is strange, indeed, that they should afford any gratification to pride. That excellent man, Fletcher of Madeley, has a striking remark upon this subject. "The murderer," says he, "is dissected in the surgeon's hall, gratis; and the rich sinner is embowelled in his own apartment at great expence. The robber, exposed to open air, wastes away in hoops of iron; and the gentleman, confined to a damp vault, moulders away in sheets of lead; and while the fowls of the air greedily prey upon the one, the vermin of the earth eagerly devour the other."

How different is the feeling of the Hindoos upon this subject from that of the Egyptians! "A mansion with bones for its rafters and beams; with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for mortar; with skin

for its outward covering; filled with no sweet perfume, but loaded with feces and urine; a mansion infested by age and by sorrow, the seat of malady, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long.... Such a mansion of the vital soul lets its occupier always cheerfully quit." — *Inst. of Menu.*

When the laden bee
Buzzed by him in its flight, he could pursue
Its course with certain ken. — Canto I. st. 23.

It is difficult to explain the superior quickness of sight which savages appear to possess. The Brazilian tribes used to eradicate the eyelashes and eyebrows, as impeding it. "Some Indians," P. Andres Perez de Ribas says, "were so quicksighted that they could ward off the coming arrow with their own bow." — L. ii. c. 3. p. 41.

Drinking feasts. — Canto I. st. 26.

The point of honour in drinking is not the same among the savages of Guiana, as among the English potators: they account him that is drunk first the bravest fellow. — *Harcourt's Voyage.*

Covering with soft gums the obedient limb
And body, then with feathers overlay,
In regular hues disposed. — Canto I. st. 25.

Inconvenient as this may seem, it was the full-dress of the Tupi and Guarani tribes. A fashion less gorgeous and elaborate, but more refined, is described by one of the best old travellers to the East, François Pyrard.

"The inhabitants of the Maldives use on feast days this kind of gallantry. They bruise sanders (sandal-wood) and camphire, on very slicke and smooth stones, (which they bring from the firm land,) and sometimes other sorts of odoriferous woods. After they compound it with water distilled of flowers, and overspread their bodies with this paste, from the girdle upwards; adding many forms with their finger, such as they imagine. It is somewhat like cut and pinked doublets, and of an excellent savour. They dress their wives or lemans in this sort, and make upon their backs works and shadows as they please." Skin-prints Purchas calls this.—*Pyrard de Laval. Purchas*, p. 1655.

The abominable practice of tarring and feathering was but too well known during the American war. It even found its way to England. I remember, when a child, to have seen a man in this condition in the streets of Bristol.

The costume of the savages who figured so frequently in the pageants of the sixteenth century, seems to have been designed to imitate the Brazilian tribes, best known to the French and English at that time. Indeed, this is expressed by Vincent Carloix, when in describing an entertainment given to Marechal de Vieilleville by the captains of the gallies at Marseilles, he says, *Ayant lié six galères ensemble de front, et faict dresser les tables dessus, et tapissées en façon de grandes salles; ayant accoustrés les forceats en Bressiliens pour servir, ils firent une infinité de gambades et de tourbions à la façon des sauvages, que personne n'avoit encore veues; dont tout le monde, avec une*

extresme allaigresse, s'esbahissoit merveilleusement.—Mémoires, l. x. ch. 18.

A custom strange, and yet far spread
Thro' many a savage tribe, howe'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as the new.
Canto I. st. 28.

Je la trouve chez les Iberiens, ou les premiers peuples d'Espagne; je la trouve chez les anciens habitans de l'Isle de Corse; elle étoit chez les Tibareniens en Asie; elle est aujourd'hui dans quelques-unes de nos provinces voisines d'Espagne, ou celas 'appele faire couvade; elle est encore vers le Japon, et dans l'Amerique chez les Caraibes et les Galibis.—Lafitau, Mœurs des Sauvages, t.i. p. 50.

Strabo says, this strange custom existed in Cantabria, (L. iii. p. 174. ed. 1571.) so that its Gascon extraction has been direct. Diodorus Siculus is the authority for its existence in Corsica. (Book iii. ch. 1. English translation, 1814. vol. i. p. 305.) Apollonius Rhodius describes it among the Tibareni (L. ii. 1012.) ὡς ἱστορεῖ Νυμφόδωρος ἔν τισιν νόμοις, says the scholiast.

Voicy la brutalité de nos sauvages dans leur réjouissance pour l'acroissement de leur famille. C'est qu'au même tems que la femme est delivrée le mary se met au lit, pour s'y plaindre et y faire l'accouchée; coutume, qui bien que sauvage et ridicule se trouve neantmoins à ce que l'on dit, parmy les paysans d'une certaine province de France; et ils appellent cela faire la couvade. *Mais ce qui est de fâcheuse pour le pauvre Caraibe qui s'est mis au lit au lieu de l'accouchée,*

c'est qu'on luy fait faire diete dix ou douze jours de suite, ne luy donnant rien par jour qu'un petit morceau de cassave, et un peu d'eau dans laquelle on a aussi fait bouillir un peu de ce pain de racine. Après il mange un peu plus: mais il n'entame la cassave qui luy est presentée que par le milieu durant quelques quarante jours, en laissant les bords entiers qu'il pend à sa case, pour servir à un festin qu'il fait ordinairement en suite à tous ses amis. Et même il s'abstient après cela, quelquefois dix mois ou un an entier de plusieurs viandes, comme de lamantin, de tortuë, de pourceau, de poules, de poisson, et de choses délicates, craignant par une pitoyable folie que cela ne nuise à l'enfant. Mais ils ne font ce grand jusne qu'à la naissance de leur premier enfant. — Rochefort. Hist. Morale, c. 23. p. 495.

Marco Polo, (L. ii. c. 41.) the other authority to which Lafitau refers, speaks of the custom as existing in the great Khan's province of Cardandan. *Hanno un' usanza che subito ch'una donna ha partorito, si leva del letto, e lavato il fanciullo e ravolto ne' panni, il marito si mette a giacere in letto in sua vece, e tiene il figliuolo appresso di se, havendo la cura di quello per quaranta giorni, che non si parte mai. Et gli amici e parenti vanno a visitarlo per rallegrarlo e consolarlo; e le donne che sono da parto fanno quel che bisogna per casa, portando da mangiare e bere al marito, ch' e nel letto, e dando il latte al fanciullo, che gli è appresso.* — Ramusio, t. ii. p. 36. ed. 1583.

Yet this custom, preposterous as it is, is not more strange than an opinion which was once so prevalent in this country that Primerose made it the subject of a chap-

ter in his work *de Vulgi Erroribus in Medicinâ*, and thought it necessary to prove, by physical reasons, *maritum loco uxoris gravidæ non ægrotare*, for such is the title of one of his chapters. He says, *Inter errores quamplurimos maximè ridendus hic esse videtur, quod vir credatur ægrotare, iisque affici symptomatis, quibus ipsa mulier prægnans solet, illudque experientiâ confirmatum plurimi esse volunt. Habebam ægrum febre laborantem cum urinâ valde accensâ et turbidâ, qui ægrotationis suæ nullam causam agnoscebat quam uxoris suæ graviditatem. Nullibi terrarum quam in Angliâ id observatum memini me audivisse, aut legisse unquam.—Nec si quis maritus cum uxor gravida est, ægrotat, ab uxore infectus fuit, sed potest ex peculiari proprii corporis vitio id pati. Sicut dum hæc scribo, pluit; non est tamen pluvia aut causa scriptionis, aut scriptura pluviæ. Res nova non est, viros et mulieres etiam simul ægrotare. At mirum est hactenusque ignotum, graviditatem affectum esse contagiosum, et non alias mulieres sed viros, quos natura immunes ab hoc labore fecit, solos infici. Præterea observatum est non omnibus mulieribus ejusmodi symptomata, aut saltem non omnia singulis contingere; et tamen accidit sæpe ut cum mulier bene valet, ægrotet maritus, etiam absens per aliquot milliaria. Sed quoniam ex solâ relatione absurditas hujus erroris patet, plura non addam. Jupiter Bacchum in femore. Palladem in cerebro gestavit. Sed hoc illi esto proprium.* — Lib. ii. c. 13.

This notion, however, is probably not yet extinct, for I know that it existed in full force some thirty years ago, and that not in the lowest rank of life.

Till hardened mothers in the grave could lay
Their living babes with no compunctious tear.

Canto I. st. 41.

This dreadful practice is carried to such an extent in the heart of South America that whole tribes have become extinct in consequence of it, and of another practice hardly less nefarious.

Those bloody African savages, the Giagas, reared no children whatsoever; "for as soon," says Battell, "as the woman is delivered of her child, it is presently buried quick; so that there is not one child brought up in all this generation. But when they take any town they keep the boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age as their own children, but the men and women they kill and eat. These little boys they train up in the wars, and hang a collar about their necks for a disgrace, which is never taken off till he proveth himself a man, and brings his enemy's head to the general; and then it is taken off, and he is a free man, and is called 'gonso' or 'soldier.' This maketh them all desperate and forward to be free, and counted men, and so they do increase." A generation without generation says Purchas, p. 977.

Among the causes for which the Knisteneaux women procure abortion, Mackenzie (p. 98.) assigns that of hatred for the father. No other traveller has ever suspected the existence of this motive. They sometimes kill their female children to save them from the miseries which they themselves have suffered.

The practice among the Panches of Bogota was, that if the first-born proved a girl, it was destroyed, and every girl in succession till the mother bore a boy, after which girls were allowed to live; but if the first-born were a boy, all the children then were reared. — *Piedrahita*, p. 11.

Perhaps the most flagitious motive for which this crime has ever become a practice, is that which the Guana women assign for it; they destroy the greater number of their female infants in order to keep up the value of the sex. (*Azara*, t. ii. 85—100. See *Hist. of Brazil*, vol. ii. 579.) A knowledge of the evils which polygamy brings upon some of their neighbours may have led to this mode of preventing it.

Father Gumilla one day bitterly reproved a Betoya woman (whom he describes as having more capacity than any other of the Indians in those parts) for killing her new-born daughter. She listened to him without lifting her eyes from the ground, and when he had done, and thought that she was convinced of her guilt and heartily repented of it, she said, "Father, if you will not be angry, I will tell you what is in my heart." He promised that he would not, and bade her speak freely. This she said to me, he says, as follows, literally translated from the Betoya tongue. "Would to God, Father, would to God my mother when she brought me forth had loved me so well and pitied me so much as to have saved me from all those troubles which I have endured till this day, and am to endure till death! If my mother had buried me as soon as I was born, I should have died, but should not have felt

death, and should have been spared from that death which must come, and should have escaped so many things bitterer than death: who knows how many more such I must endure before I die! Consider well, Father, the hardships that a poor Indian woman endures among these Indians! They go with us to the plantation, but they have a bow and arrow in their hands, nothing more; we go with a basket full of things on the back, one child at the breast, another upon the basket. Their business is to shoot a bird or a fish, ours is to dig and work in the field; at evening they go home without any burthen; we, besides our children, have to carry roots for their food, and maize to make their drink. They, when they reach the house, go to converse with their friends, we have to seek wood, fetch water, and prepare their supper. Having supped they go to sleep; but we almost all the night are pounding maize to make their *chicha*. And what is the end of this our watching and labour! They drink the *chicha*, they get drunk, and being out of their senses, beat us with sticks, take us by the hair, drag us about and trample on us. Would to God, Father, that my mother had buried me when she brought me forth! You know that I complain with cause, for all that I have said you witness every day. But our greatest pain you do not know, because you never can suffer it. You do not know, Father, the death it is for the poor Indian woman, when having served her husband as a slave, sweating in the field, and in the house without sleep, at the end of twenty years she sees him take a girl for another wife. Her he loves, and

though she ill uses our children, we cannot interfere, for he neither loves us nor cares for us now. A girl is to command over us, and treat us as her servants, and if we speak, they silence us with sticks. Can any Indian woman do better for the daughter which she brings forth than to save it from all these troubles, and deliver it from this slavery, worse than death? I say again, Father, would to God my mother had made me feel her kindness by burying me as soon as I was born! Then would not this heart have had now so much to feel, nor these eyes so much to weep for."

Here, says Gumilla, tears put an end to her speech: and the worst is, that all which she said, and all she would have said, if grief had allowed her to proceed, is true. — *Orinoco Ilustrado*, t. ii. p. 65. ed. 1791.

From the dove
They named the child Yeruti. — Canto I. st. 42.

This is the Guarani name for the species described by Azara, t. iv. p. 130. No. cccxx.

What power had placed them here. — Canto II. st. 27.

Some of the Orinoco tribes believe that their first forefathers grew upon trees. — *Gumilla*, t. i. c. 6.

The Othomacas, one of the rudest of the Orinoco tribes, suppose themselves descended from a pile of stones upon the top of a rock called Barraguan, and that they all return to stone as they came from it; so that this mass of rock is composed of their forefathers. Therefore,

though they bury their dead, within the year they take off their heads and carry them to the holes in the rock.— *Gumilla*, t. i. c. 6.

These are the odd people who always for a first marriage give a girl to an old man, and a youth to an old woman. Polygamy is not in use among them; and they say, that if the young people came together there could be no good household management. — *Gumilla*, t. i. c. 12.

P. Labbé (*Lett. Edif.* t. viii. p. 180. edit. 1781) speaks of a tribe on the N. bank of the Plata who put their women to death when they were thirty years old, thinking they had then lived long enough. I have not seen this custom mentioned by any other writer, nor do I believe that it can possibly have existed.

And Father was his name. — Canto II. 28.

Tupa. It is the Tupi and Guarani name for Father, for Thunder, and for the Supreme Being.

The Patagones call the Supreme Being *Soychu*, a word which is said to express that which cannot be seen, which is worthy of all veneration, and which is out of the world. They may thus explain the word; but it cannot contain this meaning; it is a definition of what they mean, and apparently not such as a savage would give. The dead they call *Soychuket*; they who are with God, and out of the world.

The Puelches, Picunches, and Moluches have no name for God. Their prayers are made to the sun, whom they regard as the giver of all good. A Jesuit once admonished

them to worship that God who created all things, and this orb among the rest; but they replied, they had never known any thing greater or better than the sun.— *Dobrizhoffer*, t. ii. p. 100.

The most remarkable mode of superstition I remember to have met with, is one which is mentioned by the Bishop of Santa Marta, in his History of the Nuevo Reyno de Granada. He tells us, that "the Pijaos of the Nuevo Reyno worshipped nothing visible or invisible, except the spirits of those whom they killed for the purpose of deifying them. For they thought that if an innocent person were put to death he became a god, and in that capacity would be grateful to those who were the authors of his apotheosis. For this reason they used to catch strangers and kill them; not thinking one of their own horde, or of their enemies, could be esteemed innocent, and therefore fitting. A woman or a child would do. But after a few months they held it necessary to make a new god, the old one either having lost his power, or changed his place, or perhaps by that time discharged himself of his debt of gratitude." — *Piedrahita*, p. 12.

And once there was a way to that good land,
For in mid earth a wonderous tree there grew.

Canto II. st. 33.

Los Mocobis fingian un Arbol, que en su idioma llamaban Nalliagdigua, de altura tan desmedida que llegaba desde la tierra al cielo. Por el de rama en rama ganando siempre maior elevacion subian las almas á pezcar de un rio y

lagunas muy grandes, que abundaban de pescado regaladisimo. Pero un dia que el alma de una Vieja no pudo pescar cosa alguna, y los pescadores la negaron el socorro de una limosna para su mantenimiento, se irritó tanto contra la nacion Mocobi que, transfiguranda en Capiguara tomó el exercicio de roer el Arbol por donde subian al ciélo, y no desistió hasta derribarlo en tierra con increible sentimiento y dano irreparable de toda la nacion.

This legend is contained in a manuscript history of Paraguay, the Rio de la Plata, and Tucuman. For the use of the first volume (a transcript of which is in my possession), I am beholden, as for other civilities of the same kind, to Mr. Thomas Kinder. This portion of the work contains a good account of the native tribes; the second volume contains the historical part; but when Mr. Kinder purchased the one at Buenos Ayres, the other was on its way to the United States, having been borrowed from the owner by an American, and not returned. Fortunately the subjects of the two volumes are so distinct that each may be considered as a complete work; and I have referred to that which I possess, in the history of Brazil, by the title of *Noticias del Paraguay, &c.*

The land of souls.— Canto II. st. 39.

Many of the Indian speculations respecting the condition of souls in a future state are given in the History of Brazil. A description of a Keltic Island of the Blessed, as drest up by Ossian Macpherson, may be found in the

notes to Madoc. A Tonga one is thus described in the very curious and valuable work of Mr. Mariner.

"The Tonga people universally and positively believe in the existence of a large island lying at a considerable distance to the N. W. of their own islands, which they consider to be the place of residence of their gods, and of the souls of their nobles and mataboohes. This island is supposed to be much larger than all their own islands put together; to be well stocked with all kinds of useful and ornamental plants always in a state of high perfection, and always bearing the richest fruits and the most beautiful flowers, according to their respective natures; that when these fruits or flowers are plucked others immediately occupy their place, and that the whole asmosphere is filled with the most delightful fragrance that the imagination can conceive, proceeding from these immortal plants. The island is also well stocked with the most beautiful birds of all imaginable kinds, as well as with abundance of hogs, all of which are immortal, unless they are killed to provide food for the hotooas or gods; but the moment a hog or bird is killed, another living hog or bird immediately comes into existence to supply its place, the same as with the fruits and flowers; and this, as far as they know or suppose, is the only mode of propagation of plants and animals. The island of Bolotoo is supposed to be so far off as to render it dangerous for their canoes to attempt going there; and it is supposed moreover that even if they were to succeed in reaching so far, unless it happened to be the particular

will of the gods, they would be sure to miss it. They give, however, an account of a Tonga canoe, which, in her return from the Feejee islands a long time ago, was driven by stress of weather to Bolotoo: ignorant of the place where they were, and being much in want of provisions, and seeing the country abound in all sorts of fruit, the crew landed, and proceeded to pluck some bread-fruit. but to their unspeakable astonishment they could no more lay hold of it than if it were a shadow. They walked through the trunks of the trees, and passed through the substance of the houses (which were built like those of Tonga), without feeling any resistance. They at length saw some of the Hotooas, who passed through the substance of their bodies as if there was nothing there. The Hotooas recommended them to go away immediately, as they had no proper food for them, and promised them a fair wind and a speedy passage. They accordingly put directly to sea, and in two days, sailing with the utmost velocity, they arrived at Hamoa, (the Navigators' Island,) at which place they wanted to touch before they got to Tonga. Having remained at Hamoa two or three days, they sailed for Tonga, where they arrived with great speed; but in the course of a few days they all died, not as a punishment for having been at Bolotoo, but as a natural consequence, the air of Bolotoo, as it were, infecting mortal bodies with speedy death."

In Yucatan their notion of the happy after death was, that they rested in a delightful land, under the shade of a

great tree, where there was plenty of food and drink.—*Herrera*, iv. 10. n.

The Austral tribes believe that the dead live in some region under the earth when they have their tents, and hunt the souls of ostriches.—*Dobrizh.* ii. 295.

The Persians have a great reverence for large old trees, thinking that the souls of the happy delight to dwell in them, and for this reason they call them *pir*, which signifies an old man, by which name they also designate the supposed inhabitant. Pietro Della Valle describes a prodigious tree of this character, in the hollow of which tapers were always kept burning to the honour of the *Pir*. He pitched his tent under its boughs twice; once with his wife when on his way to embark for Europe, and again when returning with her corpse. The passage wherein he speaks of this last night's lodging is very affecting. We soon forgive this excellent traveller for his coxcombry, take an interest in his domestic affairs, and part with him at last as with an old friend.

Who thought

From death as from living foe to fly.—Canto II. st. 44.

An opinion of this kind has extended to people in a much higher grade f society than the American Indians.

"After this DEATH appeared in Dwaraka in a human shape, the colour of his skin being black and yellow, his head close shorn, and all his limbs distorted. He placed himself at men's doors, so that all those who saw him shuddered with apprehension, and became even as dead

men from mere affright. Every person to whose door he came shot an arrow at him, and the moment the arrow quitted the bow-string they saw the spectre no more, nor knew which way he was gone." — *Life of Creeshna.*

This is a poetical invention; but such an invention has formed a popular belief in Greece, if M. Pouqueville may be trusted.

"The *Evil Eye*, the *Cacodæmon*, has been seen wandering over the roofs of the houses. Who can dare to doubt this? It was in the form of a withered old woman, covered with funeral rags; she was heard to call by their names those who are to be cut off from the number of the living. Nocturnal concerts, voices murmuring amid the silence of the darkest nights, have been heard in the air; phantoms have been seen wandering about in solitary places, in the streets, in the markets; the dogs have howled with the most dismal and melancholy tone, and their cries have been repeated by the echoes along the desert streets. It is when such things happen, as I was told very seriously by an inhabitant of Nauplia di Romania, that great care must be taken not to answer if you should be called during the night, if you hear symphonies bury yourself in the bed clothes, and do not listen to them; it is the *old woman*, it is the plague itself that knocks at your door." — *Pouqueville*, 189.

The Patagones and other Austral tribes attribute all diseases to an evil spirit. Their conjurors therefore beat drums by the patient, which have hideous figures painted upon them, thinking thus to frighten away the cause. If

he dies, his relations endeavour to take vengeance upon those who pretended to cure him; but if one of the chiefs dies, all the conjurors are slain, unless they can save themselves by flight. — *Dobrizhoffer*, t. ii. 286.

They dragged the dying out. — Canto II. st. 45.

The Austral tribes sometimes bury the dying, thinking it an act of mercy thus to shorten their sufferings. (*Dobrizh.* t. ii. 286.) But in general this practice, which extends widely among savages, arises from the selfish feeling assigned in the text. Superstition without this selfishness, produces a practice of the same kind, though not absolutely as brutal, in the East. "The *moorda* or *chultries* are small huts in which a Hindoo, when given over by his physicians, is deposited, and left alone to expire, and be carried off by the sacred flood." — *Cruso, in Forbes*, iv. 99.

"When there is no hope of recovery, the patient is generally removed from the bed, and laid on a platform of fresh earth, either out of doors, or prepared purposely in some adjoining room or viranda, that he may there breathe his last. In a physical sense, this removal at so critical a period must be often attended with fatal consequences; though perhaps not quite so decisive as that of exposing an aged parent or a dying friend on the banks of the Ganges. I now only mention the circumstances as forming part of the Hindoo religious system. After having expired upon the earth, the body is carried to the water-side, and washed with many ceremonies. It is then laid

upon the funeral pile, that the fire may have a share of the victim: the ashes are finally scattered in the air, and fall upon the water.

"During the funeral ceremony, which is solemn and affecting, the Brahmins address the respective elements in words to the following purport; although there may be a different mode of performing these religious rites in other parts of Hindostan.

"O Earth! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed; by thee he was sustained; and unto thee he now returns!

"O Fire! thou hadst a claim in our brother; during his life he subsisted by thy influence in nature; to thee we commit his body; thou emblem of purity, may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence.

"O Air! while the breath of life continued our brother respired by thee; his last breath is now departed; to thee we yield him.

"O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him, who has now taken an everlasting flight!"— *Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*, iii. 12.

And she in many an emulous essay,
At length into a descant of her own
Had blended all their notes.— Canto III. st. 39., &c.

An extract from a journal written in Switzerland will be the best comment upon the description in these stanzas,

which indeed were probably suggested by my recollections of the Staubach.

"While we were at the waterfall, some half score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the spray, and set up — surely the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears, — a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, — sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."

It will be seen by the subjoined sonnet of Mr. Wordsworth's, who visited this spot three years after me, that he was not less impressed than I had been by this wild concert of voices.

On approaching the Staub-bach, Lauterbrunnen.

Tracks let me follow far from human kind
Which these illusive greetings may not reach;
Where only Nature tunes her voice to teach
Careless pursuits, and raptures unconfined.
No Mermaid warbles (to allay the wind
That drives some vessel towards a dangerous beach,)
More thrilling melodies! no caverned Witch
Chaunting a love-spell, ever intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical!
Alas! that from the lips of abject Want
And Idleness in tatters mendicant
They should proceed — enjoyment to enthral,

And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this pure, this sky-born Waterfall!

"The vocal powers of these musical beggars (says Mr. Wordsworth) may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong in some way or other to the waterfall; and reminded me of religious services chaunted to streams and fountains in Pagan times."

Some dim presage.—Canto III. st. 41.

Upon this subject an old Spanish romancer speaks thus: *Aunque hombre no sabe lo de adelante como ha de venir, el espiritu lo siente, y ante que venga se duele dello: y de aqui se levantaron los grandes sospiros que hombres dan a sobrevienta no pensando en ningun cosa, como a muchos acaesce, que aquel que el sospiro echa de si, el espiritu es que siente el mal que ha de ser.*—Chronica del Rey D. Rodrigo, p. ii. c. 171.

Athwart her shoulders was a hammock flung.
Canto III. st. 45.

Pinkerton, in his Geography (vol. ii. p. 535. n. 3d edit.) says, that nets are sometimes worn among the Guaranis

instead of clothes, and refers to this very story in proof of his assertion. I believe he had no other ground for it. He adds, that "perhaps they were worn only to keep off the flies;" as if those blood-suckers were to be kept off by open net work!

We owe something, however, to the person who introduces us to a good and valuable book, and I am indebted originally to Mr. Pinkerton for my knowledge of Dobrizhoffer. He says of him, when referring to the *Historia de Abiponibus*, "the lively singularity of the old man's Latin is itself an amusement; and though sometimes garrulous, he is redundant in authentic and curious information. His work, though bearing a restricted title, is the best account yet published of the whole viceroyalty of La Plata."

Her feet upon the crescent moon were set.

Canto III. st. 51.

This is a common representation of the Virgin, from the Revelation.

Virgem de Sol vestida, e dos seus raios
Claros envolta toda, e das Estrellas
Coroada, e debaixo os pés a Lua.

Francisco de Sa de Miranda.

These lines are highly esteemed by the Portuguese critics.

Severe he was and in his anger dread,
Yet alway at his Mother's will grew mild,
So well did he obey that Maiden undefiled. —
Canto III. st. 51.

"How hath the conceit of Christ's humiliation here on earth, of his dependance on his *mother* during the time of his formation and birth, and of his subjection to her in his infancy, brought forth preposterous and more than heathenish transformations of his glory in the superstitious daughters of the idolatrous church! They cannot conceive Christ as king, unless they acknowledge her as queen dowager of heaven: her title of Lady is æquiparant to his title of Lord: her authority for some purposes held as great, her bowels of compunction (towards the weaker sex especially) more tender. And as the heathens frame gods suitable to their own desire, soliciting them most (though otherwise less potent) whom they conceive to be most favourable to their present suits: so hath the blessed Virgin throughout the *Romish Church* obtained (what she never sought) the entire monopoly of women's prayers in their travails; as if her presence at others' distressful labours (for she herself, by their doctrine, brought forth her first born and only son without pain,) had wrought in her a truer feeling or tenderer touch, than the high priest of their souls can have of their infirmities; or as if she would use more faithful and effectual intercession with her son, than he can or will do with his Father. Some in our times, out of the weakness of their sex, matching with the impetuousness of their adulterous and disloyal zeal, have in this

kind been so impotently outrageous as to intercept others' supplications directed to Christ, and *superscribe* them in this form unto his mother; *Blessed Lady*, command thy son to hear this woman's prayers, and send her deliverance! These, and the like speeches, have moved some good women, in other points tainted rather with superstition than preciseness, to dispense with the law of secrecy, seldom violated in their parliaments; and I know not whether I should attribute it to their courage or stupidity, not to be more affrighted at such blasphemies, than at some monstrous and prodigious birth. This and the like inbred inclinations unto superstition, in the rude and uninstructed people, are more artificially set forward by the fabulous *Roman Legendary* and his *Limner*, than the like were in the heathen, by heathen poets and painters." — *Dr. Thomas Jackson's Works*, vol. i. 1007.

Tyranny of the Spaniards. — Canto IV. st. 7, 8.

The consumption of the Indians in the Paraguay tea-trade, and the means taken by the Jesuits for cultivating the Caa tree, are described by Dobrizhoffer.

The Encomenderos compelled the unhappy people whom they found living where they liked, to settle in such places as were most convenient for the work in which they were now to be compulsorily employed. All their work was task-work, imposed with little moderation, and exacted without mercy. This tyranny extended to the women and children, and as all the Spaniards, the officer of justice as well as the Encomenderos were implicated in

it, the Indians had none to whom they could look for protection. Even the Institutions of Christianity, by which the Spanish government hoped to better the temporal condition of its new subjects, were made the occasion of new grievances and more intolerable oppression. For as the Indians were legally free, — free, therefore, to marry where they pleased, and the wife was to follow the husband, every means was taken to prevent a marriage between two Indians who belonged to different *Repartimientos*, and the interest of the master counteracted all the efforts of the priest. The Spanish women are said to have exceeded their husbands in cruelty on such occasions, and to have instigated them to the most violent and iniquitous measures, that they might not lose their female attendants. The consequence was, that profligacy of manners among the Indians was rather encouraged than restrained, as it is now in the English sugar islands, where the planter is not a religious man. — *Lozano*, l. 1. § 3. 6. 7.

St. Joachin. — Canto IV. st. 17.

The legend of his visit to Limbo is given here in a translated extract from that very curious work, the Life of the Virgin Mary, as related by herself to Sister Maria de Jesus, Abbess of the Franciscan Convent de la Inmaculada Concepcion at Agreda, and published with the sanction of all the ecclesiastical authorities in Spain.

After some conversation between the Almighty and the Virgin, at that time three years and a half old, the Fran-

ciscan confessor, who was the accomplice of the abbess in this blasphemous imposture, proceeds thus: —

"The Most High received this morning sacrifice from his tender spouse, Mary the most holy, and with a pleased countenance said to her, 'Thou art beautiful in thy thoughts, O Prince's daughter, my dove, and my beloved! I admit thy desires, which are agreeable to my eyes; and it is my will, in fulfilment of them, that thou shouldest understand the time draws nigh, when by my divine appointment, thy father Joachin must pass from this mortal life to the life immortal and eternal. His death shall be short, and he will soon rest in peace, and be placed with the Saints in Limbo, awaiting the redemption of the whole human race.' This information from the Lord neither disturbed nor troubled the regal breast of Mary, the Princess of Heaven; yet as the love of children to their parents is a debt due by nature, and that love in all its perfection existed in this most holy child, a natural grief at losing her most holy father, Joachin, whom as a daughter she devoutly loved, could not fail to be resented. The tender and sweet child, Mary, felt a movement of grief compatible with the serenity of her magnanimous heart: and acting with greatness in every thing, following both grace and nature, she made a fervent prayer for her father Joachin; she besought the Lord, that, as the mighty and true God, he would look upon him in the hour of his happy death, and defend him from the Devil, especially in that hour, and preserve him, and appoint him in the number of his elect, as one who in his life had confessed and

magnified his holy and adorable name. And the more to oblige his Majesty, the most faithful daughter offered to endure for her father, the most holy Joachin, all that the Lord might ordain.

" His Majesty accepted this petition, and consoled the divine child, assuring her that he would be with her father as a merciful and compassionate remunerator of those who love and serve him, and that he would place him with the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and he prepared her again to receive and suffer other troubles. Eight days before the death of the holy Patriarch Joachin, Mary the most holy had other advices from the Lord, declaring the day and hour in which he was to die, as in fact it occurred, only six months after our Queen went to reside in the temple. When her Highness had received this information from the Lord, she besought the twelve angels, (who, I have before said, were those whom St. John names in the Revelation,) that they would be with her father Joachin in his sickness, and comfort him, and console him in it; and thus they did. And for the last hour of his transit she sent all those of her guard, and besought the Lord that he would make them manifest to her father for his greater consolation. The Most High granted this, and in every thing fulfilled the desire of his elect, unique, and perfect one: and the great Patriarch and happy Joachin saw the thousand holy angels who guarded his daughter Maria, at whose petition and desire the grace of the Almighty superabounded, and by his command the Angels said to Joachin these things: —

"'Man of God, the Most High and Mighty is thy eternal salvation, and he sends thee from his holy place the necessary and timely assistance for thy soul! Mary, thy daughter, sends us to be with thee at this hour, in which thou hast to pay to thy Creator the debt of natural death. She is thy most faithful and powerful intercessor with the Most High, in whose name and peace depart thou from this world with consolation and joy, that he hath made thee parent of so blessed a daughter. And although his incomprehensible Majesty in his serene wisdom hath not till now manifested to thee the sacrament and dignity in which he will constitute thy daughter, it is his pleasure that thou shouldest know it now, to the intent that thou mayest magnify him and praise him, and that at such news the jubilee of thy spirit may be joined with the grief and natural sadness of death. Mary thy daughter and our Queen, is the one chosen by the arm of the Omnipotent, that the Divine Word may in her clothe himself with flesh and with the human form. She is to be the happy mother of the Messiah, blessed among women, superior to all creatures, and inferior only to God himself. Thy most happy daughter is to be the repairer of what the human race lost by the first fall; and the high mountain whereon the new law of grace is to be formed and established. Therefore, as thou leavest now in the world its restauratrix and daughter, by whom God prepares for it the fitting remedy, depart thou in joy, and the Lord will bless thee from Zion, and will give thee a place among the Saints, that thou mayest attain to the sight and possession of the happy Jerusalem.'

"While the holy Angels spake these words to Joachin, St. Anna his wife was present, standing by the pillow of his bed; and she heard, and by divine permission understood them. At the same time the holy Patriarch Joachin lost his speech, and entering upon the common way of all flesh, began to die, with a marvellous struggle between the delight of such joyful tidings and the pain of death. During this conflict with his interior powers, many and fervent acts of divine love, of faith, and adoration, and praise, and thanksgiving, and humiliation, and other virtues, did he heroically perform: and thus absorbed in the new knowledge of so divine a mystery, he came to the end of his natural life, dying the precious death of the Saints. His most holy spirit was carried by the Angels to the Limbo of the Holy Fathers and of the Just: and for a new consolation and light in the long night wherein they dwelt, the Most High ordered that the soul of the holy Patriarch Joachin should be the new Paranymph and Ambassador of his Great Majesty, for announcing to all that congregation of the Just, how the day of eternal light had now dawned, and the day-break was born, Mary, the most holy daughter of Joachin and of Anna, from whom should be born the Sun of Divinity, Christ, Restorer of the whole human race. The Holy Fathers and the Just in Limbo heard these tidings, and in their jubilee composed new hymns of thanksgiving to the Most High.

"This happy death of the Patriarch St. Joachin occurred (as I have before said,) half a year after his daughter Mary the most holy entered the Temple; and when she

was at the tender age of three and a half, she was thus left in the world without a natural father. The age of the patriarch was sixty and nine years, distributed and divided thus: at the age of forty-six years he took St. Anna to wife; twenty years after this marriage Mary the most holy was born; and the three years and a half of her Highness's age make sixty-nine and a half, a few days more or less.

"The holy Patriarch and father of our Queen being dead, the holy Angels of her guard returned incontinently to her presence, and gave her notice of all that had occurred in her father's transit. Forthwith the most prudent child solicited with prayers for the consolation of her mother St. Anna, intreating that the Lord would, as a father, direct and govern her in the solitude wherein, by the loss of her husband Joachin, she was left. St. Anna herself sent also news of his death, which was first communicated to the Mistress of our divine Princess, that in imparting it she might console her. The Mistress did this, and the most wise child heard her, with all composure and dissimulation, but with the patience and the modesty of a Queen; but she was not ignorant of the event which her Mistress related to her as news." — *Mistica Ciudad de Dios*, par. 1. l. 2. c. 16. § 664—669. Madrid, 1744.

It was in the middle of the seventeenth century that the work from which this extract is translated was palmed upon the Spaniards as a new revelation. Gross and blasphemous as the imposture is, the work was still current when I procured my copy, about twenty years ago; and it

is not included in the Spanish Index Expurgatorius of 1790, the last, (I believe,) which was published, and which is now before me.

He could not tarry here. — Canto IV. st. 67.

A case precisely of the same kind is mentioned by Mr. Mariner. "A young Chief at Tonga, a very handsome man, was inspired by the ghost of a woman in Bolotoo, who had fallen in love with him. On a sudden he felt himself low-spirited, and shortly afterwards fainted away. When he came to himself he was very ill, and was taken accordingly to the house of a priest. As yet he did not know who it was that inspired him, but the priest informed him that it was a woman of Bolotoo, mentioning her name, who had died some years before, and who wished him now to die, that he might be near her. He accordingly died in two days. The Chief said he suspected this from the dreams he had had at different times, when the figure of a woman came to him in the night. Mr. Mariner was with the sick Chief three or four times during his illness, and heard the priest foretell his death, and the occasion of it." — *Mariner.*

THE END.

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1814.

Carmina Aulica.

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IN ENGLAND.

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Carmen Triumphale,

FOR

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR

1814.

Illi justitiam confirmavere triumphi,
Præsentes docuere Deos.

CLAUDIAN.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

FOR THE

Commencement of the Year

1814.

I.

In happy hour doth he receive
The Laurel, meed of famous Bards of yore,
Which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore, . .
In happy hour, and well may he rejoice,

Whose earliest task must be
To raise the exultant hymn for victory,
And join a nation's joy with harp and voice,
Pouring the strain of triumph on the wind,
Glory to God, his song, Deliverance for Mankind!

II.

Wake, lute and harp! My Soul take up the strain!
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!
Joy, . . for all Nations joy! but most for thee
Who hast so nobly fill'd thy part assign'd,
O England! O my glorious native land!
For thou in evil days didst stand
Against leagued Europe all in arms array'd,
Single and undismay'd,

Thy hope in Heaven and in thine own right hand.
Now are thy virtuous efforts overpaid,
Thy generous counsels now their guerdon find, ..
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

III.

Dread was the strife, for mighty was the foe
Who sought with his whole strength thy overthrow.
The Nations bow'd before him; some in war
Subdued, some yielding to superior art;
Submiss, they follow'd his victorious car.
Their Kings, like Satraps, waited round his throne;
For Britain's ruin and their own,
By force or fraud in monstrous league combined.
Alone in that disastrous hour

Britain stood firm and braved his power;
Alone she fought the battles of mankind.

IV.

O virtue which above all former fame,
Exalts her venerable name!
O joy of joys for every British breast!
That with that mighty peril full in view,
The Queen of Ocean to herself was true!
That no weak heart, no abject mind possess'd
Her counsels, to abase her lofty crest, . .
(Then had she sunk in everlasting shame,)
But ready still to succour the oppress'd,
Her Red-Cross floated on the waves unfurl'd,
Offering Redemption to the groaning world.

V.

First from his trance the heroic Spaniard woke;
His chains he broke,
And casting off his neck the treacherous yoke,
He call'd on England, on his generous foe:
For well he knew that wheresoe'er
Wise policy prevailed, or brave despair,
Thither would Britain's liberal succours flow,
Her arm be present there.
Then, too, regenerate Portugal display'd
Her ancient virtue, dormant all-too-long.
Rising against intolerable wrong,
On England, on her old ally for aid
The faithful nation call'd in her distress:
And well that old ally the call obey'd,
Well was that faithful friendship then repaid.

VI.

Say from thy trophied field how well,
Vimeiro! Rocky Douro tell!
And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred height
The astonished Carmelite,
While those unwonted thunders shook his cell,
Join'd with his prayers the fervour of the fight!
Bear witness those Old Towers, where many a day
Waiting with foresight calm the fitting hour,
The Wellesley, gathering strength in wise delay,
Defied the Tyrant's undivided power.
Swore not the boastful Frenchman in his might,
Into the sea to drive his Island-foe?
Tagus and Zezere, in the secret night,
Ye saw that host of ruffians take their flight!
And in the Sun's broad light
Onoro's Springs beheld their overthrow!

VII.

Patient of loss, profuse of life,
Meantime had Spain endured the strife;
And tho' she saw her cities yield,
Her armies scatter'd in the field,
Her strongest bulwarks fall,
The danger undismay'd she view'd,
Knowing that nought could e'er appal
The Spaniards' fortitude.
What tho' the Tyrant, drunk with power,
Might vaunt himself, in impious hour,
Lord and Disposer of this earthly ball?
Her cause is just, and Heaven is over all.

VIII.

Therefore no thought of fear debased
Her judgement; nor her acts disgraced.
To every ill, but not to shame resign'd,
All sufferings, all calamities she bore.
She bade the people call to mind
Their heroes of the days of yore,
Pelayo and the Campeador,
With all who once in battle strong,
Lived still in story and in song.
Against the Moor, age after age,
Their stubborn warfare did they wage;
Age after age, from sire to son,
The hallowed sword was handed down;
Nor did they from that warfare cease,

And sheathe that hallowed sword in peace,
Until the work was done.

IX.

Thus in the famous days of yore,
Their fathers triumph'd o'er the Moor.
They gloried in his overthrow,
But touch'd not with reproach his gallant name;
For fairly, and with hostile aim profest,
The Moor had rear'd his haughty crest;
An open, honourable foe;
But as a friend the treacherous Frenchman came,
And Spain receiv'd him as a guest.
Think what your fathers were! she cried!
Think what ye are, in sufferings tried,

And think of what your sons must be..
Even as ye make them..slaves or free!

X.

Strains such as these from Spain's three seas,
And from the farthest Pyrenees,
Rung thro' the region. Vengeance was the word;
One impulse to all hearts at once was given;
From every voice the sacred cry was heard,
And borne abroad by all the Winds of Heaven.
Heaven too, to whom the Spaniards look'd for aid,
A spirit equal to the hour bestow'd;
And gloriously the debt they paid,
Which to their valiant ancestors they ow'd,
And gloriously against the power of France,
Maintain'd their children's proud inheritance.

Their steady purpose no defeat could move,
No horrors could abate their constant mind;
Hope had its source and resting-place above,
And they, to loss of all on earth resign'd,
Suffered, to save their country, and mankind.
What strain heroic might suffice to tell,
How Zaragoza stood, and how she fell?
Ne'er since yon sun began his daily round,
Was higher virtue, holier valour found,
Than on that consecrated ground.

XI.

Alone the noble Nation stood,
When from Coruna in the main,
The star of England set in blood.
Ere long on Talavera's plain,

That star resplendent rose again;
And tho' that day was doom'd to be
A day of frustrate victory,
Not vainly bled the brave!
For French and Spaniard there might see
That England's arm was strong to save;
Fair promise there the Wellesley gave,
And well in sight of Earth and Heaven,
Did he redeem the pledge which there was given.

XII.

Lord of Conquest, heir of Fame,
From rescued Portugal he came.
Rodrigo's walls in vain oppose;
In vain thy bulwarks, Badajoz;
And Salamanca's heights proclaim

The Conqueror's praise, the Wellesley's name.
Oh, had the sun stood still that hour,
When Marmont and his broken power
Fled from their field of shame!
Spain felt thro' all her realms the electric blow;
Cadiz in peace expands her gates again;
And Betis, who to bondage long resign'd,
Flow'd mournfully along the silent plain,
Into her joyful bosom unconfin'd,
Receives once more the treasures of the main.

XIII.

What now shall check the Wellesley, when at length
Onward he goes, rejoicing in his strength?
From Douro, from Castille's extended plain,
The foe, a numerous band,

Retire; amid the heights which overhang
Dark Ebro's bed, they think to make their stand.
He reads their purpose, and prevents their speed;
And still as they recede,
Impetuously he presses on their way;
Till by Vittoria's walls they stood at bay,
And drew their battle up in fair array.

XIV.

Vain their array, their valour vain:
There did the practised Frenchman find
A master arm, a master mind!
Behold the veteran army driven
Like dust before the breath of Heaven,
Like leaves before the autumnal wind!
Now, Britain, now thy brow with laurels bind;

Raise now the song of joy for rescued Spain!
And Europe, take thou up the awakening strain . .
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

XV.

From Spain the living spark went forth:
The flame hath caught, the flame is spread!
It warms, .. it fires the farthest North.
Behold! the awaken'd Moscovite
Meets the Tyrant in his might;
The Brandenburg, at Freedom's call,
Rises more glorious from his fall;
And Frederic, best and greatest of the name,
Treads in the path of duty and of fame.
See Austria from her painful trance awake!

The breath of God goes forth, .. the dry bones
shake!
Up Germany! .. with all thy nations rise!
Land of the virtuous and the wise,
No longer let that free, that mighty mind,
Endure its shame! She rose as from the dead,
She broke her chains upon the oppressor's head ..
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

XVI.

Open thy gates, O Hanover! display
Thy loyal banners to the day;
Receive thy old illustrious line once more!
Beneath an Upstart's yoke oppress'd,
Long hath it been thy fortune to deplore
That line, whose fostering and paternal sway

So many an age thy grateful children blest.
The yoke is broken now! .. A mightier hand
Hath dash'd, .. in pieces dash'd, .. the iron rod.
To meet her Princes, the delivered land
Pours her rejoicing multitudes abroad;
The happy bells from every town and tower,
Roll their glad peals upon the joyful wind;
And from all hearts and tongues, with one consent,
The high thanksgiving strain to Heaven is sent, ..
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

XVII.

Egmont and Horn, heard ye that holy cry,
Martyrs of Freedom, from your seats in Heaven?
And William the Deliverer, doth thine eye
Regard from yon empyreal realm the land

For which thy blood was given?
What ills hath that poor Country suffered long!
Deceived, despised, and plunder'd, and oppress'd,
Mockery and insult aggravating wrong!
Severely she her errors hath atoned,
And long in anguish groan'd
Wearing the patient semblance of despair,
While fervent curses rose with every prayer!
In mercy Heaven at length its ear inclined;
The avenging armies of the North draw nigh,
Joy for the injured Hollander, .. the cry
Of Orange rends the sky!
All hearts are now in one good cause combined,
Once more that flag triumphant floats on high, ..
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

XVIII.

When shall the Dove go forth? Oh when
Shall Peace return among the Sons of Men?
Hasten benignant Heaven the blessed day!
Justice must go before,
And Retribution must make plain the way;
Force must be crushed by Force,
The power of Evil by the power of Good,
Ere Order bless the suffering world once more
Or Peace return again.
Hold then right on in your auspicious course,
Ye Princes, and ye People, hold right on!
Your task not yet is done:
Pursue the blow, .. ye know your foe, ..
Complete the happy work so well begun

Hold on and be your aim with all your strength
Loudly proclaim'd and steadily pursued!
So shall this fatal Tyranny at length
Before the arms of Freedom fall subdued.
Then when the waters of the flood abate,
The Dove her resting-place secure may find:
And France restored, and shaking off her chain,
Shall join the Avengers in the joyful strain,
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

NOTES.

NOTES.

'That no weak heart, no abject mind possessed
Her counsels. IV.

" Can any man of sense, said the Edinburgh Review, does any plain, unaffected man, above the level of a drivelling courtier or a feeble fanatic, dare to say he can look at this impending contest, without trembling every inch of him, for the result?" *No. XXIV. p.* 441.

With all proper deference to so eminent a critic, I would venture to observe, that trembling has been usually supposed to be a symptom of feebleness, and that the case in point has certainly not belied the received opinion.

Onoro's Springs. V.

Fuentes d'Onoro. This name has sometimes been ren-

dered Fountains of Honour, by an easy mistake, or a pardonable licence.

Bear witness, those Old Towers. VI.

Torres Vedras. *Turres Veteres*, .. a name so old as to have been given when the Latin tongue was the language of Portugal. This town is said to have been founded by the Turduli, a short time before the commencement of the Christian Æra.

In remembering the lines of Torres Vedras, the opinion of the wise men of the North ought not to be forgotten, "If they (the French) do not make an effort to drive us out of Portugal, it is because we are better there than any where else. We fear they will not leave us on the Tagus many days longer than suits their own purposes."

Edinburgh Rev. No. XXVII. p. 263.

The opinion is delivered with happy precision of language: .. Our troops were indeed, to use the same neat and felicitous expression, '*better there than any where else.*'

And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred height
The astonish'd Carmelite,
While those unwonted thunders shook his cell,
Join'd with his prayers the fervour of the fight. VI.

Of Busaco, which is now as memorable in the military, as it has long been in the monastic history of Portugal, I

have given an account in the second volume of Omniana. Dona Bernarda Ferreira's poem upon this venerable place, contains much interesting and some beautiful description. The first intelligence of the battle which reached England was in a letter written from this Convent by a Portuguese Commissary. "I have the happiness to acquaint you," said the writer, "that this night the French lost nine thousand men near the Convent of Busaco... I beg you not to consider this news as a fiction,.. for I, from where I am, saw them fall. This place appears like the antechamber of Hell." .. What a contrast to the images which the following extracts present!

Es pequena aquella Iglesia,
Mas para pobres bastante;
Pobre de todo adereço
Con que el rico suele ornarse.
No ay alli plata, ni oro,
Telas y sedas no valen
Donde reyna la pobreza,
Que no para en bienes tales;
Asperando a los del Cielo
Los demas tiene por males,
Y rica de altos desseos
Menosprecia vanidades.
En el retablo se mira
El soberano estandarte,

Lecho donde con la Iglesia
Quiso Christo desposarse;
La tabla donde se salva
El misero naufragante
Del pielago de la culpa,
Y a puerto glorioso sale.
Con perfecion y concierto
Se adereçan los altares
(por manos de aquellos santos)
De bellas flores suaves.
En toscos vasos de corcho
Lustran texidos con arte
Los variados ramilletes
Mas que en el oro el esmalte.
La florida rama verde
Que en aquellos bosques nace,
Da colgaduras al templo,
Y los brocados abate.
En dias de mayor fiesta
Esto con excessos hazen,
Y al suelo por alcatifas
Diversas flores reparten.
Huele el divino aposento
Hurtando sutil el ayre
A las rosas y boninas
Mil olores que derrame.
Humildes estan las celdas
De aquellos humildes padres,

Cercando al sacro edificio
Do tienen su caro amante.
Cada celda muy pequeña
Encierra pobreza grande,
Que en competencia sus dueños
Gustan de mortificarse.
Despues que alli entro el silencio
No quiso que mas sonasse
Ruydo que aquel que forma
Entre los ramos el ayre;
El de las fuentes y arroyos,
Y de las parleras aves,
Porque si ellos por Dios lloran,
Ellas sus lagrimas canten.
De corcho tosco las puertas,
Tambien de pobreza imagen,
Son mas bellas en sus ojos
Que los Toscanos portales.
Es su cama estrecha tabla
Do apenas tendidos caben,
Porque hasta en ella durmiendo.
Crucificados descansen.
Una Cruz, y calavera
Que tienen siempre delante,
Con asperas disciplinas
Tenidas de propria sangre,
Son alhajas de su casa.
Y en aquellas soledades

Hablando con sabios mudos
Suelen tal vez aliviarse;
Que a los hijos de Theresa
Tanto los libros aplacen,
Que en los yermos mas remotos
Les dan del dia una parte.
Tiene cada qual un huerto
(porque en el pueda ocuparse)
De arboles de espino, y flores
Siempre de olor liberales.
Libres ansi del tumulto
Que embaraça los mortales,
Ferverosas oraciones
Mandan a Dios cada instante.
Sus devotos exercicios
No se los perturba nadie,
Ni sus penitencias hallan
Testigos que las estrañen.
Qual con cadenas de puas
Tan duras como diamantes,
Agudas y rigurosas
Cine su afligida carne;
Qual con cilicios y sogas
Asperrimas, intractables,
De que jamas se les quitan
Las cavernosas senales.

* * * * * *

Aquel divino desierto
Que Busaco denomina,
Y es tambien denominado
Del arbol de nuestra vida,
Se muestra sembrado a trechos
De solitarias Ermitas,
Que en espacios desiguales
Unas de las otras distan.
Parece tocan las nubes,
Para servirles de sillas,
Las que coronando peñas
Apenas toca la vista.
Yazen otras por los valles
En las entrañas benignas
De nuestra madre comun,
Que humilde se les inclina.
Qual en las concavidades
De las rocas escondida,
Que labro naturaleza
Con perfecion infinita.
Qual entre las arboledas
De verde rama vestida,
Informandoles de gracias
Sus formas vegetativas.
Qual del cristalino arroyo
Las bellas margenes pisa,
Por lavar las pies descalços
Entre sus candidas guijas.

Qual en el tronco del arbol
Dentro en sus cortezas mismas,
Por vencer en gracia al arte
Naturaleza fabrica.
Unas aprieta con lazos
Aquella planta lasciva
Que hasta las piedras abraça
Con ser tan duras y frias.
Otras de amarillos musgos
Por el techo se matizan,
Verdes, obscuros, y negros,
Y de color de ceniza.
Toscos alli los portales
De yerva y moho se pintan,
Y de salitre se labran
Que en gotas al agua imita.
Cada Ermitano a la puerta
Tiene una pequena esquila,
En el ramo de algun arbol
Donde pendiente se arrima;
O en el resquicio gracioso
De alguna piedra metida,
Y quando toca la Iglesia
Todas a tocar se aplican.

Tagus and Zezere, in the secret night,
Ye saw the baffled ruffian take his flight! VI.

Beacons of infamy they light the way,
Where cowardice and cruelty unite,
To damn with double shame their ignominious flight.

O triumph for the Fiends of lust and wrath!
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors mark their wrackful path!
The peasant butcher'd in his ruined cot,
The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy; no crime forgot,
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great name.

The rudest centinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
SCOTT's *Vision of Don Roderick.*

No cruelties recorded in history exceed those which were systematically committed by the French during their retreat from Portugal. "Their conduct, (says Lord Wellington in his dispatch of the 14th of March, 1811,) throughout this retreat, has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

"Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head-quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been induced by promises of good treatment to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt every town and village through which they have passed. The Convent of Alcobaça was burnt by order from the French head-quarters. The Bishop's Palace, and the whole town of Leyria, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate; and there is not an inhabitant of the country, of any class or description, who has had any dealing or communication with the French army who has not had reason to repent of it, or to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed, and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French commander in chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal, that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of one hundred and ten thousand men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped, that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and other nations what value they ought to place on such promises and assurances, and that there is no security for life or for any thing that renders life valuable, except in decided resistance to the enemy."

As exact an account of these atrocities was collected as it was possible to obtain, .. and that record will for ever make the French name detested in Portugal. In the single diocese of Coimbra, 2969 persons, men, women, and children, were murdered, .. every one with some shocking circumstance of aggravated cruelty... *Nem huma só das* 2969 *mortes commettidas pelo inimigo, deixou de ser atroz e dolorosissima.* (Breve Memoria dos Estragos Causados no Bispado de Coimbra pelo Exercito Francez, commandado pelo General Massena. Extrahida das Enformaçoens que deram os Reverendos Parocos, e remettida a Junta dos Socorros da Subscripsam Britannica, pelo Reverendo Provisor Governador do mesmo Bispado. p. 12.) Some details are given in this brief Memorial. *A de tel forfaits*, says J. J. Rousseau, *celui qui detourne ses regards est un lâche, un deserteur de la justice: la veritable humanité les envisage pour les connoitre, pour les juger, pour les detester.* (Le Levite d'Ephraim.) I will not, however, in this place repeat abominations which at once outrage humanity and disgrace human nature.

When the French, in 1792, entered Spire, some of them began to commit excesses which would soon have led to a general sack. Custine immediately ordered a captain, two officers, and a whole company to be shot. This dreadful example, he told the National Convention, he considered as the only means of saving the honour of the French

Nation, .. and it met with the approbation of the whole army. But the French armies had not then been systematically brutalized. It was reserved for Buonaparte to render them infamous, as well as to lead them to destruction.

The French soldier, says Capmany, is executioner and robber at the same time: he leaves the unhappy wretch who is delivered over to his mercy, naked to the skin, .. stripping off the clothes that they may not be torn by the musket-shot! .. The pen falls from my hand, and I cannot proceed!

Para que se junte a esta crueldad la mayor infamia, el soldado Frances es verdugo y ladron en una pieza; dexa en cueros vivos al malaventurado que entregan a su discrecion, quitandole la ropa antes que los fusilazos se la destrozen. La pluma se cae de la mano, y no puede proseguir.

Centinela contra Franceses, P. 2. p. 35.

Yet the Edinburgh Review says, "the hatred of the name of a Frenchman in Spain has been such as the reality will by no means justify; and the detestation of the French government has, among the inferior orders, been carried to a pitch wholly unauthorized by its proceedings towards them." *No XXVII. p.* 262. This passage might be read with astonishment, if any thing absurd, any thing mischievous, or any thing false, could excite surprise when it comes from that quarter.

What though the Tyrant, drunk with power,
Might vaunt himself, in impious hour,
Lord and Disposer of this earthly ball? VII.

Lo he dicho varias veces, y lo repito ahora, que las tres epocas terribles en los annales del mundo son, el diluvio universal, Mahoma, y Buonaparte. Aquel pretendia convertir todas las religiones en una, y este todas las naciones, para ser el su cabeza. Aquel predicaba la unidad de Dios con la cimitarra; y este no le nombra uno ni trino, pues solo predica, o hace predicar su propia divinidad, dexandose dar de sus infames y sacrilegos adoradores, los periodistas Franceses, el dictado de Todo-poderoso. El mismo se hallegado a creer tal, y se ha hecho creer la cobardia y vileza de las naciones que se han dexado subyugar. Solo la Espana le ha obligado a reconnocerse, que no era antes, ni es ahora, sino un hombre, y hombre muy pequeno, a quien la fortuna ciega ha hecho grande a los ojos de los pueblos espantados del terror de su nombre, que miden la grandeza del poder por la de las atrocidades. *Centinela contra Francescs. p.* 48.

" I have sometimes said, and I repeat it now, that the three terrible epochs in the annals of the World are the General Deluge, Mahommed, and Buonaparte. Mahommed pretended to convert all religions into one, and this man all nations into one, in order to make himself their head. Mahommed preached the unity of God with the

scimitar; and this man neither his Unity nor his Trinity, for he neither preaches, nor causes to be preached, any thing except his own Divinity, letting his infamous and sacrilegious adorers, the French journalists, give him the appellation of Almighty. He has gone so far as to believe himself such, and the cowardice and baseness of the nations who have suffered themselves to be subdued, have made him believe it. Spain alone has compelled him to know himself, that he neither was formerly nor is now any thing more than a mere man, and a very little one, whom blind Fortune has made appear great in the eyes of people astonished at the terror of his name, and measuring the greatness of his power by that of his atrocities."

Knowing that nought could e'er appal
The Spaniard's fortitude. VII.

"The fate of Spain, we think, *is decided*, and that fine and *misguided* country has probably yielded, by this time, to the fate which has fallen on the greater part of continental Europe. *Her European dominions have yielded already to the unrelaxing grasp of the insatiable conqueror.*"

Edinburgh Review, No. XXVI. p. 298.

"The fundamental position which we ventured to lay down respecting the Spanish question was this; .. that the spirit of the people, however enthusiastic and universal, was in its nature more uncertain and short-lived, more

likely to be extinguished by reverses, or to go out of itself amidst the delays of a protracted contest, than the steady, regular, moderate feeling which calls out disciplined troops, and marshals them under known leaders, and supplies them by systematic arrangements: .. a proposition so plain and obvious, that if it escaped ridicule as a truism, it might have been reasonably expected to avoid the penalties of heresy and paradox. *The event has indeed wofully proved its truth.*" *Edinburgh Rev. No. XXVII. p.* 246.

These gentlemen could see no principle of permanence in the character of the Spaniards, and no proof of it in their history; .. and they could discover no principle of dissolution in the system of Buonaparte; .. a system founded upon force and falsehood, in direct opposition to the interest of his own subjects and to the feelings of human nature!

The Campeador. VIII.

The Cid, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar. The word has been variously explained, but its origin seems to be satisfactorily traced by Verstegan, in his explanation of some of our English surnames.

" Cemp or Kemp, properly one that fighteth hand to hand, whereunto the name in Teutonic of Kemp-fight accordeth, and in French of Combat.

" Certain among the ancient Germans made profession of being Camp-fighters or Kemp-fighters, for all is one; and among the Danes and Swedes were the like, as Scarcater, Arngrim, Arnerod, Haldan, and sundry others. They were also called Kempanas, whereof is derived our name of Campion, which after the French orthography some pronounce Champion."

" Dene or Den is the termination of sundry of our surnames, as for example of Camden, which I take anciently to have been Campden, and signifieth the Dene or Dale belonging to some Cemp or Camp-fighter (for both is one) in our now used language called a Champion, but in the Teutonic a Campion. A Campden may also have been some place appointed for Campions, Combat-fighters, or men of arms to encounter each other. And so the place became afterward to be the surname of him and his family that owned it, as others in like sort have done."

" Kemp, . . of his profession of being a Kemper or Combat-fighter, as divers in old time among our ancestors were."

Vengeance was the word. X.

This feeling is forcibly expressed by Capmany. *O Visperas Sicilianas tan famosas en la historia, quando os podremos acompanar con completas, para que los Angeles canten laudes en el Cielo. Centincla, contra Franceses. p.* 96.

O Sicilian Vespers! so famous in history, when shall we be able to accompany you with Complines, that the Angels may sing Lauds in Heaven?

Behold the awaken'd Moscovite
Meets the tyrant in his might. XVII.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! What says the Edinburgh Review concerning Russia? "Considering how little that power has shewn itself capable of effecting for the salvation of Europe, . . how wretched the state of its subjects is under the present government, . . how trifling an acquisition of strength the common enemy could expect to obtain from the entire possession of its resources, we acknowledge that we should contemplate with great composure any change which might lay the foundation of future improvement, and scatter the forces of France over the dominion of the Czars." *No. XXVIII. p. 460.*

This is a choice passage. The reasoning is worthy of the writer's judgment, the feeling perfectly consistent with his *liberality*, and the conclusion as consistent with his politics.

Up Germany ——
—— *She rose as from the dead;*
She broke her chains upon the oppressor's head. XVI.

Hear the Edinburgh Reviewer! "It would be as chimerical to expect a mutiny amongst the vassal states of

France who are the most impatient of her yoke, as amongst the inhabitants of Bourdeaux, or the conscripts of the years 1808 and 1809. In making this comparison, we are indeed putting the case much more strongly against France than the facts warrant, for with the exception of Holland, and the States into which the conscription has been introduced, either immediately, or by means of large requisitions of men made to their * Governments, the changes effected by the French invasion have been favourable to the individual happiness of the † inhabitants, so that the hatred of France is liable to considerable diminution, inasmuch as the national antipathy and spirit of independence 'are gradually undermined by the solid benefits which the change of masters has conferred." *No. XXVIII. p.* 458.

Great as a statesman, profound as a philosopher, amiable as an optimist of the Pangloss school, .. but not altogether fortunate as a Prophet!

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* N. B. These little exceptions include all the countries which were annexed to the French Empire, all Italy, and all the States of the Confederation of the Rhine.

† Particularly the commercial part of them.

POSTSCRIPT.

As a proper accompaniment to the preceding Notes, upon their republication, I subjoin an extract from a *William-Smithic* epistle, begun a few years ago upon sufficient provocation, but left unfinished, because better employments delayed its completion till the offence, gross as it was, seemed no longer deserving of a thought.

* * * * *

My fortune has been somewhat remarkable in this respect, that, bestowing less attention than most men upon contemporary literature, I am supposed to concern myself with it in a degree which would leave me no time for any worthier occupation. Half the persons who are wounded in the Quarterly Review fix upon me as the object of their resentment; some, because they are conscious of having deserved chastisement at my hands; others, because they give credit to an empty report, a lying assertion, or their own conceited sagacity in discovering a writer by his style. As for the former, they flatter themselves egregiously in supposing that I should throw away my anger upon such

subjects. But by the latter I would willingly have it understood, that I heartily disapprove the present fashion of criticism, and sincerely wish that you, Sir, and your friend, had taken out an exclusive patent for it, when you brought it into vogue.

With regard to literary assailants, I should as little think of resenting their attacks in anger, as of making war upon midges and mosquitos. I have therefore never noticed your amiable colleague in his critical capacity. Let him blunder and misquote, and misrepresent, and contradict himself in the same page, or in the same sentence, with as much ingenuity as he will: "'Tis his vocation, Hal!" and some allowances must be made for habit. I remember what Lord Anson's linguist said to him at Canton, upon the detection of some notable act of dishonesty: "*Chinaman very great rogue truly: but have fashion: no can help.*" Concerning *me*, and any composition of mine, it is impossible that this gentleman can write wisely unless his nature should undergo a radical change; for it is written in the wisest book which ever proceeded from mere humanity, that "into a malicious soul, wisdom shall not enter."

You may have seen a mastiff of the right English breed assailed by a little, impertinent, noisy, meddling cur, who runs behind him, snapping and barking at his heels, and

sometimes gets staggered by a chance-whisk of his tail. The mastiff continues his way peaceably; or if he condescends to notice the yelper, it is only by stopping half a minute, and lifting his leg over him. Just such, Sir, is the notice which I bestow upon your colleague in his critical character.

But for F. J. *Philomath. and Professor of the Occult Sciences*, he is a grave personage, whose political and prophetical pretensions entitle him to high consideration in these days. He is as great a man as Lilly in the time of the Commonwealth, or as Partridge after him. It is well known what infinite pains he bestowed in casting the nativities of Lord Wellington, Buonaparte, and the Emperor of Russia; all for the good of mankind! and it is also notorious that he mistook the aspects, and made some very unfortunate errors in his predictions. At a time when he was considerably indisposed in consequence of this mortification, I took the liberty of administering to him a dose of his own words, mixed, perhaps, Sir, with a few of yours, for you were his fellow-student in astrology, and are known to have assisted him in these his calculations. The medicine was given in the form of extract; but the patient could not have used more wry faces had it been extract of coloquintida. And indeed it produced a most unpleasant effect. Ever since that time his paroxysms have been

more violent, and he has been troubled with occasional ravings, accompanied with periodical discharges of bile in its most offensive state. Nevertheless, dreadfully bilious as he is, and tormented with acrid humours, it is hoped that by a cool diet, by the proper use of refrigerants, above all, by paying due attention to the state of the *primæ viæ*, and observing a strict abstinence from the Quarterly Review, the danger of a *cholera morbus* may be averted.

I have not been travelling out of the record while thus incidentally noticing a personage with whom you, Sir, are more naturally and properly associated than I have been with Mr. Wordsworth, this your colleague and you being the Gog and Magog of the Edinburgh Review. Had it not been for a difference of opinion upon political points between myself and certain writers in that journal who laid claim to the faculty of the second sight, I suspect that I should never have incurred your hostility. What those points of difference were I must here be permitted to set forth for the satisfaction of those readers who may not be so well acquainted with them as you are: they related to the possibility of carrying on the late war to an honourable and successful termination.

It was in our state of feeling, Sir, as well as in our state of knowledge that we differed, in our desires as much as in our judgement. They predicted for us nothing but

disgrace and defeat; *predicted* is the word; for they themselves assured us that they were "*seriously occupied with the destinies of Europe and of mankind;*"—

"As who should say I am Sir Oracle!"

They ridiculed "*the romantic hopes of the English nation,*" and imputed the spirit by which the glory of that nation has been raised to its highest point, and the deliverance of Europe accomplished, to "*the tricks of a paltry and interested party.*" They said that events had "*verified their predictions,*" had "*more than justified their worst forebodings.*" They told us in 1810 that the fate of Spain was *decided,* and that that "*misguided*" country (misguided in having ventured to resist the most insolent usurpation that ever was attempted) "*had yielded to the Conqueror.*" This manner of speaking of an event in the preter-pluperfect tense, before it has come to pass, may be either a slight grammatical slip, or a prophetical figure of speech: but as old Dr. Eachard says, "I hate all small ambiguous surmises, all quivering and mincing conjectures: give me the lusty and bold thinker, who when he undertakes to prophesy, does it punctually." "*It would be blood-thirsty and cruel,*" they said, "*to foment petty insurrections,* (meaning the war in Spain and Portugal,) *after the only contest is over from which any good can spring in the present unfortunate*

state of affairs." "*France has conquered Europe. This is the melancholy truth. Shut our eyes to it as we may, there can be no doubt about the matter. For the present, peace and submission must be the lot of the vanquished.*" "*Let us hear no more of objections to a Buonaparte ruling in Spain.*"

"Harry, the wish was father to that thought!"

They told us that if Lord Wellington was not driven out of Portugal, it was because the French government thought him "*better there than any where else.*" They told us they were prepared to "*contemplate with great composure*" the conquest of Russia, by Buonaparte, as a "change which would lay the foundation of future improvement in the dominions of the Czars."—

"*Si mens sit læta tibi crederis esse propheta,*

says an old Leonine rhymester.—And as for expecting "*a MUTINY* (hear Germany! for so they qualified it!) *amongst the vassal states of France, it would be as chimerical,*" they said, "*as to expect one amongst the inhabitants of Bourdeaux.*" And here these lucky prophets were peculiarly felicitous; the inhabitants of Bourdeaux having been the first people in France who threw off the yoke of Buonaparte's tyranny, and mounted the white cockade.

" *Omnia jam fiunt, fieri quæ posse negabam.*"

Poor Oracle! the face is double-bronzed; and yet it is but a wooden head!

I stood upon firm ground, while they were sticking in the Slough of Despond. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* I charged them at the time with ignorance, presumption, and pusillanimity. And now, Sir, I ask of you, were they or were they not ignorant? Here are their assertions!—Were they or were they not presumptuous? Here are their predictions!—Were they or were they not pusillanimous? Have they or have they not been confuted and confounded, and exposed, and shamed, and stultified by the event?

They who know me will bear witness, that before a rumour of war was heard from the Peninsula, I had looked toward that quarter as the point where we might hope first to see the horizon open; and that from the hour in which the struggle commenced, I never doubted of its final success, provided England should do its duty: this confidence was founded upon a knowledge of the country and the people, and upon the principles which were then and there first brought into action against the enemy. At the time when every effort was made (as you, Sir, well know) to vilify and disgust our allies, to discourage the public, to impede

the measures of government, to derange its finances, and thereby cut off its means, to paralyse the arm and deaden the heart of England; — when we were told of the irresistible power and perfect policy of Buonaparte, the consummate skill of his Generals, and the invincibility of his armies, my language was this: "The one business of England is to abate the power of France: that power she must beat down or fall herself; that power she will beat down, if she do but strenuously put forth her own mighty means." And again, — "For our soldiers to equal our seamen, it is only necessary for them to be equally well commanded. They have the same heart and soul, as well as the same flesh and blood. Too much, indeed, may be exacted from them in a retreat: but set their face toward a foe, and there is nothing within the reach of human achievement which they cannot perform." And again; — "Carry on the war with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the strength of this mighty empire, and you will beat down the power of France." Was I wrong, Sir? Or has the event corresponded to this confidence?

Ἀμέραι ἐπίλοιποι
Μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι.

Bear witness Torres Vedras, Salamanca, and Vittoria! Bear witness Orthies and Thoulouse! Bear witness Waterloo, and that miserable tyrant, who was then making and unmaking kings with a breath, and now frets upon the rock of St. Helena, like a tyger in his cage!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE END.

Carmina Aulica,

WRITTEN IN 1814,

ON THE

ARRIVAL OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS

IN ENGLAND.

Εχω καλά τε φράσαι, τόλμα τέ μοι
Εύθεῖα γλῶσσαν ὀρνύει λέγειν

PINDAR. OLYMP. XIII.

ODE

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Prince Regent

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND IRELAND.

I.

PRINCE of the mighty Isle!

Proud day for thee and for thy kingdoms this,

When Britain round her spear

The olive garland twines, by Victory won.

II.

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
For in a day of darkness and of storms,
An evil day, a day of woe,
To thee the sceptre fell.
The Continent was leagued,
It's numbers wielded by one will,
Against the mighty Isle;
All shores were hostile to the Red-Cross flag,
All ports against it closed;
Save where, behind their ramparts driven,
The Spaniard, and the faithful Portugal,
Each on the utmost limits of his land,
Invincible of heart,
Stood firm, and put their trust
In their good cause and thee.

III.

Such perils menaced from abroad,
At home worse dangers compass'd thee,
Where shallow counsellors,
A weak but clamorous crew,
Pester'd the land, and with their withering breath
Poison'd the public ear.
For peace, the feeble raised their factious cry:
Oh, madness, to resist
The Invincible in arms!
Seek the peace-garland from his dreadful hand!
And at the Tyrant's feet
They would have knelt, to take
The wreath of aconite for Britain's brow.
Prince of the mighty Isle!
Rightly may'st thou rejoice,

For in the day of danger thou did'st turn
From their vile counsels thine indignant heart;
Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
When Britain round her spear
The olive-garland twines, by Victory won.

IV.

Rejoice, thou mighty Isle,
Queen of the Seas, rejoice!
Ring round, ye merry bells,
Till every steeple rock,
And the wide air grow giddy with your joy!
Flow streamers, to the breeze;
And ye victorious banners, to the sun
Unroll the proud Red-Cross!
Now let the anvil rest;

Shut up the loom; and open the school-doors,
That young and old may with festivities
Hallow for memory through all after years
This memorable time:
This memorable time,
When Peace, long absent, long deplored, returns!
Not as vile Faction would have brought her home,
Her countenance for shame abased,
In servile weeds array'd,
Submission leading her,
Fear, Sorrow, and Repentance following close;
And War, scarce deigning to conceal
Beneath the mantle's folds his armed plight,
Dogging her steps with deadly eye intent,
Sure of his victim, and in devilish joy
Laughing behind the mask.

V.

Not thus doth Peace return! . .
A blessed visitant she comes: . . .
Honour in his right hand
Doth lead her like a bride;
And Victory goes before;
Hope, Safety, and Prosperity, and Strength,
Come in her joyful train.
Now let the churches ring
With high thanksgiving songs,
And the full organ pour
It's swelling peals to Heaven,
The while the grateful nation bless in prayer
Their Warriors and their Statesmen and their Prince,
Whose will, whose mind, whose arm
Have thus with happy end their efforts crown'd.
Prince of the mighty Isle,

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
When Britain round her spear
The olive garland twines, by Victory won.

VI.

Enjoy thy triumph now,
Prince of the mighty Isle!
Enjoy the rich reward, so rightly due,
When rescued nations, with one heart and voice,
Thy counsels bless and thee.
Thou on thine own Firm-Island seest the while,
As if the tales of old Romance
Were but to typify these splendid days,
Princes and Potentates,
And Chiefs renown'd in arms,
From their great enterprize achieved,
In friendship and in joy collected here.

VII.

Rejoice, thou mighty Isle!
Queen of the Seas, rejoice!
For ne'er in elder nor in later times
Have such illustrious guests
Honour'd thy silver shores.
No such assemblage shone in Edward's hall,
Nor brighter triumphs graced his glorious reign.
Prince of the mighty Isle,
Proud day for thee and for thy kingdoms this!
Rightly may'st thou rejoice,
When Britain round her spear
The olive garland twines, by Victory won.

VIII.

Yet in the pomp of these festivities,
One mournful thought will rise within thy mind

The thought of Him who sits
Inmental as in visual darkness lost.
How had his heart been fill'd
With deepest gratitude to Heaven,
Had he beheld this day!
O King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Thou who hast visited thus heavily
The anointed head,
Oh! for one little interval,
One precious hour,
Remove the blindness from his soul,
That he may know it all,
And bless thee ere he die!

IX.

Thou also should'st have seen
This harvest of thy hopes,
Thou whom the guilty act
Of a great spirit overthrown,
Sent to thine early grave in evil hour!
Forget not him, my country, in thy joy!
But let thy grateful hand
With laurel garlands hang
The tomb of Perceval.
Virtuous, and firm, and wise,
The Ark of Britain in her darkest day
He steer'd through stormy seas;
And long shall Britain hold his memory dear,
And faithful History give
His meed of lasting praise.

X.

That earthly meed shall his compeers enjoy,
Britain's true counsellors,
Who see with just success their counsels crown'd.
They have their triumph now, to him denied.
Proud day for them is this!
Prince of the mighty Isle!
Proud day for them and thee,
When Britain round her spear
The olive garland twines, by Victory won.

ODE

TO

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY

Alexander the First,

EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

I.

CONQUEROR, Deliverer, Friend of human-kind,
The free, the happy Island welcomes thee!
Thee from thy wasted realms,
So signally revenged;
From Prussia's rescued plains;
From Dresden's field of slaughter, where the ball

Which struck Moreau's dear life,
Was turn'd from thy more precious herd aside;
From Leipsic's dreadful day,
From Elbe, and Rhine, and Seine,
In thy career of conquest overpast:
From the proud Capital
Of haughty France subdued,
Then to her rightful line of Kings restored;
Thee, Alexander! thee, the Great, the Good,
The Glorious, the Beneficent, the Just,
Thee to her honour'd shores
The mighty Island welcomes in her joy.

II.

Six-score full years have past,
Since to these friendly shores

Thy famous ancestor,
Illustrious PETER came.
Wise traveller, He, who over Europe went,
Marking the ways of men;
That so to his dear country, which then rose
Among the nations in uncultured strength,
He might bear back the stores
Of elder polity,
Its sciences and arts.
Little did then the industrious German think, ..
The soft Italian, lapt in luxury, ..
Helvetia's mountain sons, of freedom proud, ..
The patient Hollander,
Prosperous and warlike then, ..
Little thought they that in that farthest North,

From PETER's race should the Deliverer spring,
Destined by Heaven to save
Art, Learning, Industry,
Beneath the bestial hoof of Godless Might
All trampled in the dust.
As little did the French,
Vaunting the power of their Great Monarch then,
(His schemes of wide ambition yet uncheck'd,)
As little did they think,
That from rude Moscovy the stone should come,
To smite their huge Colossus, which bestrode
The subject Continent;
And from its feet of clay,
Breaking the iron limbs and front of brass,
Strew the rejoicing Nations with the wreck.

III.

Rous'd as thou wert with insult and with wrong,
Who should have blamed thee if, in high-wrought mood
Of vengeance and the sense of injured power,
Thou from the flames which laid
The City of thy Fathers in the dust,
Had'st bid a spark be brought,
And borne it in thy tent,
Religiously by night and day preserved,
Till on Montmartre's height,
When open to thine arms,
Her last defence o'erthrown,
The guilty city lay,
Thou hadst call'd every Russian of thine host
To light his flambeau at the sacred flame,

And sent them through her streets,
And wrapt her roofs and towers,
Temples and palaces,
Her wealth and boasted spoils,
In one wide flood of fire,
Making the hated Nation feel herself
The miseries she had spread.

IV.

Who should have blamed the Conqueror for that deed?
Yea, rather would not one exulting cry
Have risen from Elbe to Nile,
How is the Oppressor fallen!
Moscow's re-rising walls
Had rung with glad acclaim;

Thanksgiving hymns had fill'd
Tyrol's rejoicing vales;
How is the Oppressor fallen!
The Germans in their grass-grown marts had met
To celebrate the deed;
Holland's still waters had been starr'd
With festive lights, reflected there
From every house and hut,
From every town and tower;
The Iberian and the Lusian's injured realms,
From all their mountain-holds,
From all their ravaged fields,
From cities sack'd, from violated fanes,
And from the sanctuary of every heart,
Had pour'd that pious strain,

How is the Oppressor fallen!
Righteous art thou, O Lord!
Thou Zaragoza, from thy sepulchres
Hadst join'd the hymn; and from thine ashes thou,
Manresa, faithful still!
The blood that calls for vengeance in thy streets
Madrid, and Porto thine,
And that which from the beach
Of Tarragona sent its cry to Heaven,
Had rested then appeased.
Orphans had clapt their hands,
And widows would have wept exulting tears,
And childless parents with a bitter joy
Have blest the avenging deed.

V.

But thou hadst seen enough
Of horrors, . . amply hadst avenged mankind.
Witness that dread retreat,
When God and nature smote
The Tyrant in his pride,
No wider ruin overtook
Sennacherib's impious host;
Nor when the frantic Persian led
His veterans to the Lybian sands;
Nor when united Greece
O'er the barbaric power that victory won
Which Europe yet may bless.
A fouler Tyrant cursed the groaning earth, . .
A fearfuller destruction was dispensed.
Victorious armies followed on his flight;

On every side he met
The Cossacks' dreadful spear;
On every side he saw
The injured nation rise,
Invincible in arms.
What myriads, victims of one wicked will,
Spent their last breath in curses on his head,
There where the soldiers' blood
Froze in the festering wound;
And nightly the cold moon
Saw sinking thousands in the snow lie down,
Whom there the morning found
Stiff, as their icy bed.

VI.

Rear high the monument!
In Moscow and in proud Petropolis,
The brazen trophy build;
Cannon on cannon piled,
Till the huge column overtop your towers!
From France the Tyrant brought
These instruments of death
To work your overthrow!
He left them in his flight
To form the eternal record of his own.
Raise, Russia, with thy spoils,
A nobler monument
Than e'er imperial Rome
Built in her plenitude of pride and power!
Still Alexander on the banks of Seine,

Thy noblest monument
For future ages stands—
PARIS SUBDUED AND SPARED.

VII.

Conqueror, Deliverer, Friend of human-kind,
The free, the happy Island welcomes thee!
Thee, Alexander! thee, the Great, the Good,
The Glorious, the Beneficent, the Just!
Thee to her honour'd shores
The mighty Island welcomes in her joy.

ODE

TO

HIS MAJESTY,

Frederick William the Fourth,

KING OF PRUSSIA.

I.

WELCOME to England, to the happy Isle,
Brave Prince of gallant people! Welcome Thou,
In adverse as in prosperous fortunes tried!
Frederick, the well-beloved!

Greatest and best of that illustrious name,
Welcome to these free shores!
In glory art thou come,
Thy victory perfect, thy revenge complete.

II.

Enough of sorrow hast thou known,
Enough of evil hath thy realm endured,
Oppress'd but not debased,
When thine indignant soul,
Long suffering, bore it's weight of heaviest woe.
But still, through that dark day
Unsullied Honour was thy counsellor;
And Hope, that had it's trust in Heaven,
And in the heart of man
It's strength, forsook thee not.

Thou had'st thy faithful people's love,
The sympathy of noble minds;
And wistfully, as one
Who through the weary night has long'd for day
Looks eastward for the dawn,
So Germany to thee
Turn'd in her bondage her imploring eyes.

III.

Oh, grief of griefs, that Germany,
The wise, the virtuous land,
The land of mighty minds,
Should bend beneath the frothy Frenchman's yoke!
Oh, grief of griefs, to think
That she should groan in bonds,
She who had blest all nations with her gifts!

There had the light of Reformation risen,
The light of Knowledge there was burning clear.
Oh, grief, that her unhappy sons
Should toil and bleed and die,
To quench that sacred light,
The wretched agents of a tyrant's will!
How often hath their blood
In his accursed cause
Reek'd on the Spaniard's blade!
Their mangled bodies fed
The wolves and eagles of the Pyrenees;
Or stiffening in the snows of Moscovy,
Amid the ashes of the watch-fire lay,
Where dragging painfully their frozen limbs,
With life's last effort, in the flames they fell.

IV.

Long, Frederick, did'st thou bear
Her sorrows and thine own;
Seven miserable years
In patience did'st thou feed thy heart with hope;
Till, when the arm of God
Smote the blaspheming Tyrant in his pride,
And Alexander with the voice of power
Raised the glad cry, Deliverance for Mankind,
First of the Germans, Prussia broke her chains.

V.

Joy, joy for Germany,
For Europe, for the World,
When Prussia rose in arms!

Oh, what a spectacle
For present and for future times was there,
When for the public need
Wives gave their marriage rings,
And mothers, when their sons
The Band of Vengeance join'd,
Bade them return victorious from the field,
Or with their country fall.

VI.

Twice o'er the field of death
The trembling scales of Fate hung equipoised:
For France, obsequious to her Tyrant still,
Mighty for evil, put forth all her power;
And still beneath his hateful banners driven,
Against their father-land

Unwilling Germans bore unnatural arms.
What tho' the Boaster made his temples ring
With vain thanksgivings for each doubtful day, . .
What tho' with false pretence of peace
His old insidious arts he tried, . .
The spell was broken! Austria threw her sword
Into the inclining scale,
And Leipsic saw the wrongs
Of Germany avenged.

VII.

Ne'er till that aweful time had Europe seen
Such multitudes in arms;
Nor ever had the rising Sun beheld
Such mighty interests of mankind at stake;
Nor o'er so wide a scene

Of slaughter e'er had Night her curtain closed.
There, on the battle-field,
With one accord the grateful monarchs knelt,
And raised their voice to Heaven;
" The cause was thine, O Lord!
" O Lord! thy hand was here!"
What Conquerors e'er deserved
So proud, so pure a joy!
It was a moment when the exalted soul
Might almost wish to burst it's mortal bounds,
Lest all of life to come
Vapid and void should seem
After that high-wrought hour.

VIII.

But thou hadst yet more toils,
More duties and more triumphs yet in store.
Elbe must not bound thine arms!
Nor on the banks of Rhine
Thine eagles check their flight;
When o'er that barrier stream,
Awakened Germany
Drove her invaders with such rout and wreck
As overtook the impious Gaul of old,
Laden with plunder, and from Delphi driven.

IX.

Long had insulting France
Boasted her arms invincible,

Her soil inviolate;
At length the hour of retribution comes!
Avenging nations on all sides move on;
In Gascony the flag of England flies,
Triumphant, as of yore,
When sable Edward led his peerless host.
Behold the Spaniard and the Portugal,
For cities burnt, for violated fanes,
For murders, massacres,
All monstrous, all unutterable crimes,
Demanding vengeance with victorious cries,
Pour from the Pyrenees.
The Russian comes, his eye on Paris fix'd,
The flames of Moscow present to his heart;
The Austrian to efface
Ulm, Austerlitz, and Wagram's later shame;

Rejoicing Germany
With all her nations swells the avenging train;
And in the field and in the triumph first,
Thy banner, Frederick, floats.

X.

Six weeks in daily strife
The veteran Blucher bore the brunt of war.
Glorious old man,
The last and greatest of his master's school,
Long may he live to hear
The people bless his name!
Late be it ere the wreath
That crowns his silver hair
Adorn his monument!
Glorious old man,

How oft hath he discomfited
The boasted chiefs of France,
And foil'd her vaunting Tyrant's desperate rage!
Glorious old man,
Who from Silesia's fields,
O'er Elbe, and Rhine, and Seine,
From victory to victory marching on,
Made his heroic way; till at the gates
Of Paris, open'd by his arms, he saw
His King triumphant stand.

XI.

Bear back the sword of Frederick now!
The sword which France amid her spoils display'd,
Proud trophy of a day ignobly won.
With laurels wreathe the sword;

Bear it in triumph back,
Thus gloriously regain'd!
And when thou lay'st it in it's honour'd place,
O Frederick, well-beloved,
Greatest and best of that illustrious name,
Lay by it's side thine own,
A holier relic there!

XII.

Frederick, the well-beloved!
Welcome to these free shores,
To England welcome, to the happy Isle!
In glory art thou come,
Thy victory perfect, thy revenge complete.

THE END.

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